

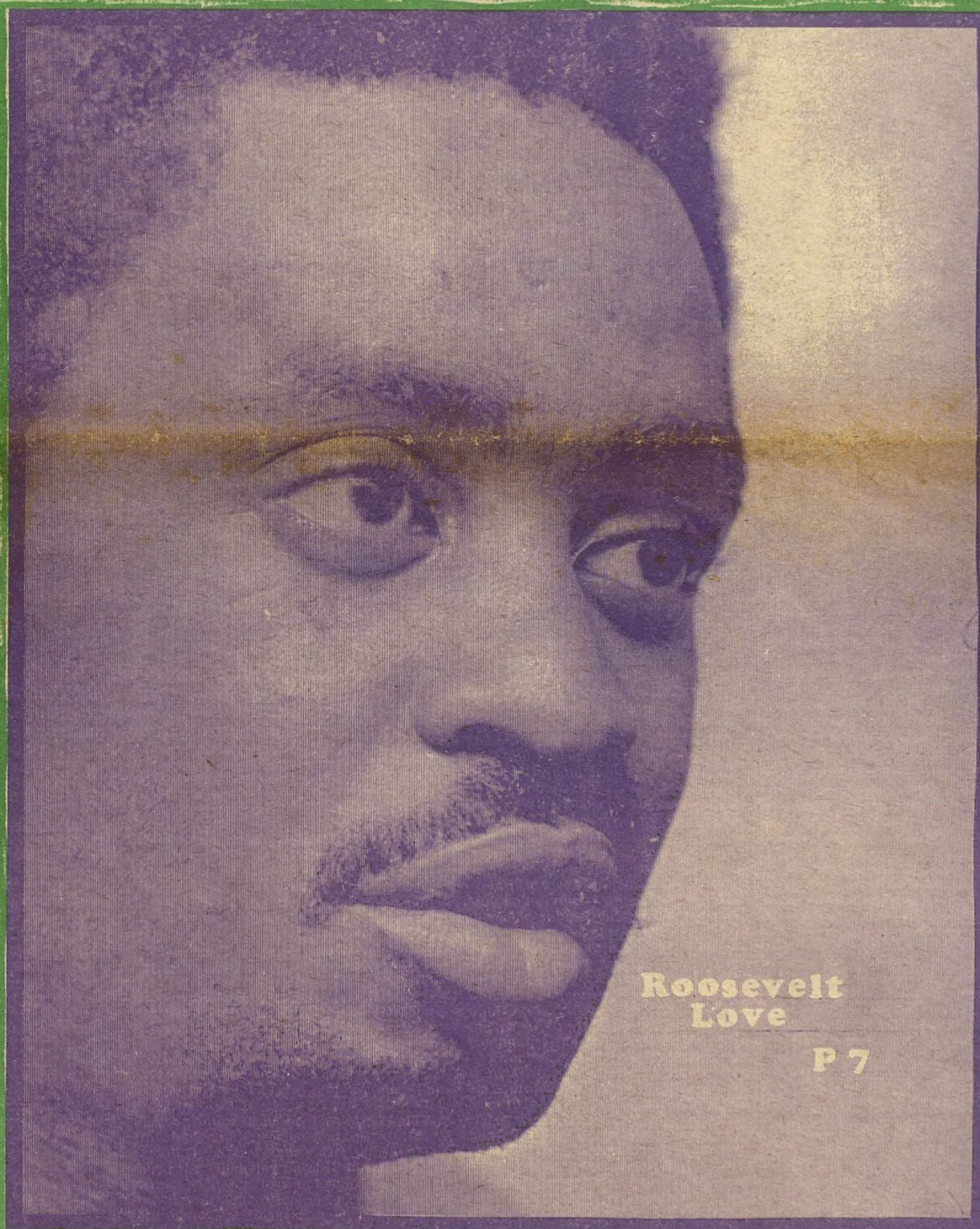
Sinclair article on Blues

ANN ARBOR AROS

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Porker as Politician

by Howard Kohn

[Editor's note: This is the second in a series listing the perverted acts of Sheriff Douglas Harvey, legal enforcement organ for Washtenaw County. The following article focuses on the 1968 political campaign.]

Sheriff Douglas Harvey won an endorsement last week from the National Socialist White People's Party, a neo-Nazi group originating in Arlington, Va.

This completes Harvey's political shift to the right where his sadism and racism properly belong. But Harvey's political acumen has steered him clear of party labels since he slipped into office as the Democratic Party candidate in 1964.

By the 1968 election Harvey mastered an old lesson in party politics i.e. people don't really believe in political parties—and like beetles that infect a forest of elms and then feast on the decay, Harvey used party impotency to gorge himself with votes.

Harvey ran on the ticket as a Democrat—though he didn't have the support of Ann Arbor Democrats and only token support from Washtenaw County Democrats.

Harvey picked up money from several Republican businessmen and farmers—though the Republican Party was supposed to be supporting Republican George Petersen.

Harvey got campaign workers from the American Independent Party—which pledged its endorsement to him.

And Harvey even tried to con the New Politics Party—which had Joe Lewis as its candidate—into soft-pedaling its drive against him and concentrating on Petersen.

Harvey asked for a private meeting with Lewis in September. Lewis met with him in a Ypsilanti luncheonette.

Harvey's proposal was this: "Don't call me a racist and I won't denounce your supporters as Communists." Lewis did agree to "not play dirty" and did not expose episodes of Harvey's brutality which had happened while he and Lewis were county deputies together in the early 60's.

Harvey won 51 per cent of the vote to Petersen's 34 per cent and Lewis' 15 per cent.

With political power in hand to match his violent ambitions, Harvey had thus birthed his own fantasies and become the "people's" candidate.

As a parting punch to Lewis, Harvey ordered two black deputies into heavily-black Superior Township on the day before election.

He told Patrolman Charles Stewart and Detective Corporal Joseph Hall to remind Superior blacks that Harvey was a Democrat. He also concocted a story saying Lewis was aligned with Petersen. Stewart and Hall were forced to propagate this myth on county time.

Harvey strategy effected only 900 possible votes. It was indicative of his need to dominate the electorate.

County deputies also harassed Lewis workers throughout the campaign, especially early in the year when they were gathering signatures for the New Politics on the 68th.

Deputies evicted them from shopping plazas on phony loitering excuses and threatened to "take them to the station for a talking-to."

A big percentage of Harvey's political harlots, however, remained the stereotyped blue-collar Democrats, even though Harvey is estranged from the Democratic Party leadership.

Harvey's big break-up with the party came early in 1968 after he had been investigated by the county board of supervisors for mishandling funds. [See last issue.]

In a question-and-answer confrontation at the party's regular spring meeting, Harvey became irritated at criticisms of his administration.

During the meeting Harvey was asked whether he favored counseling rather than jail terms for psychiatric prisoners.

Harvey shouted back, "Anyone who's ever been in a mental hospital should be locked up in jail and kept there."

He then left the meeting amid chaos.

He returned to the summer caucus, after winning the Democratic primary against David Copi, who had been put up by Ann Arbor Democrats.

"He was his usual self," explains Dr. Ed Pierce, former Democratic city councilman. "He stormed up and down raising hell."

Harvey was particularly incensed when Pierce introduced a resolution asking for reform of marijuana laws. "I wonder how many potheads we've got in this caucus," Harvey mouthed.

These outbursts stripped Harvey of financial help from the Democratic central committee, though he did garner gifts from individual Democrats.

He also gained large sums of money from fund-raising dinners sponsored by Republican businessmen—who ostensibly wanted the money to go to county deputies who had worked overtime without being paid.

He added these "donations" to advertising kickbacks he received from a safety guide booklet he had published in 1967 without county consent. [See last issue.]

He then lavished his campaign with four-color pamphlets, 50,000 bumper stickers and loud speaker-equipped cars. He reported \$40,000 in campaign receipts but more accurate estimates put the real figure at \$90,000.

Harvey could not celebrate his election victory, complete as it was, without a vicious exercise in hate.

Buoyed by a few drinks, Harvey gathered together his friends at campaign headquarters on election night "for a special treat."

He then called Ken Postill and Fred Coch and threatened to "kill them with black-jacks."

Postill engineered the deputy revolt against Harvey in 1967 when Harvey fired Postill and two other deputies for organizing a union.

Postill was never rehired even though a circuit court held that Harvey could not legally axe him. During the campaign Postill had championed a civilian review board to preside over Harvey's hirings and firings.

Coch is a Dexter patrolman who had given a traffic ticket to a Harvey deputy. Harvey put pressure on the Dexter police department to fire Coch. When Coch's chief backed him up, Harvey cut off radio communications to Dexter.

Coch also worked against Harvey in the campaign.

As a political animal, though, Harvey successfully curbed his verbal excesses during the campaign. His advisors warned him of this weakness and he stayed away from all public debates except for a perfunctory appearance before the Ann Arbor League of Women Voters.

[To be continued.]

White Power

WE SUPPORT SHERIFF HARVEY
AND
STRICT LAW ENFORCEMENT

As college and high school students, we loudly condemn the communist-inspired anarchy that has recently dominated Ann Arbor. The rioting that occurred was part of a carefully planned scheme to disintegrate law and authority in Ann Arbor and the nearby University of Michigan. The long-haired criminals would have accomplished their objective had it not been for Sheriff James Harvey.

Much of the strategy of these student radicals and communists rely upon creating a tense situation where the local police are forced to break up a disturbance or potential disturbance. This was accomplished in Ann Arbor by a crash organization named Trans Love Energies gathering together the scum of the Detroit area supposedly for a free "music" show. Energies is headed by John Sinclair, a degenerate drug taker who is also the head of the White Panthers, a radical group which is poisoning the minds of many Detroit area teens.

Once the crowd had gathered, it was easy for trained agitators, some from as far away as Berkeley, Calif., to incite the crowd into a mob. These trained agitators provoked the police into action and then incited the mob against them.

Most disturbing of all was the disgusting news coverage of the disturbances. To hear some newspapers tell it, the police started the riot so they could beat up the "kids" in the street. These outrageous distortions of the facts on the part of the press played right into the hands of the agitators who were trying to keep tensions high after the initial disturbances with anti-police lies.

The actions of the president of the university and the mayor of Ann Arbor along with his council lackeys were sickening. Here was the garbage of society "making demands" and the president and mayor negotiating. Here was the mayor of Ann Arbor, who took an oath of office promising to uphold the law, telling the policemen not to enforce city statutes. A few years back, gutless politicians like the Ann Arbor mayor would have been tarred, feathered and run out of town.

There was one man who stood up for the law and the people of Ann Arbor, the Sheriff of Washtenaw County, James Harvey. Sheriff Harvey, the highest law officer in the county, made it clear the law would be enforced. We applaud him for his courage. It takes real courage to demand strict law enforcement when the university president and town mayor are groveling in the sewers of appeasement to criminal anarchists.

The National Youth Alliance, a nationwide organization of college and high school students who are not afraid to Stand Up For America, strongly supports Sheriff Harvey. We ask that the people of the Ann Arbor area do the same. Our society need not tolerate the existence of groups such as the White Panthers and Trans Love Energies. With a resurgence of Americanism, order will prevail.

(Help us fight crime and future leaflets by sending a generous contribution to:)

NATIONAL YOUTH ALLIANCE
202
CENTER ST. ANN ARBOR, MI 48105

NATIONAL SOCIALIST WHITE PEOPLE'S PARTY

2287 NORTH FRANKLIN ROAD, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22201 - PHONE (703) 524-2175

Would You Buy A Used Car From Doug Harvey?

Before you make a rash answer that you may someday regret, listen to this TRUE STORY, from the Argus Secret Files.

"Yes, I once bought a used car from Douglas Harvey. It was a 1954 Ford two-door sedan advertised for sale in the Ann Arbor News," says long-time Ann Arbor resident Tom Copi. "The asking price was \$100. I bought the car in July of 1964, and owned it until it died a horrible, lingering death in August of 1964. That's right, for my \$100 (my entire life's savings!), I drove that blue and white Ford for little over ONE MONTH."

Tom continues: "The untimely demise of the ford car came on the way back to Ann Arbor from a summer trip to the northern part of our illustrious state. First the accel-

erator pedal fell off, then the car wouldn't go faster than 30 mph (I think there was something wrong with the bearings or something. . .). We valiantly tried to get the machine back home: I crouched on the floor in the front in an attempt to keep the accelerator working, while my compatriot leaned over from the back seat to steer the car.

"We had the traffic on I-75 backed up for miles, and a police helicopter hovered overhead trying to figure out what the hell was going on with that pig blue and white car down there. When we got to Lansing, the car stopped and refused to start again, so we were forced to leave it there, a shattered hulk of its former self."

"I thought I was getting a real deal, getting a whole car for \$100. Some deal!" concludes Tom.

Kenneth Kelley/Howard Kohn/Kip Mercure/W. Rexford Benoit/Neal Bush/Marc Stickgold/Tom Nixon/Gary Grimshaw/Debbie Osment/David Baker/Thomas R. Copi—Used Car Editor/Pat O'Donohue/Vanilla Von Cameo/Joel Block/Bob Kundus/Rhonda Benoit/Kathy Kohn/Sue Nash/Craig Penner/Adrienne Tentler/Tom Anderson/Don Jones/Rudnick-Frabley/Kathie Lucas/Barb Hebbard/Patrick Murphy/Bob Sheffield/Danny Erlewine/Lita Eliscy/MINISTER OF INFORMATION AND POLITICAL PRISONER, BROTHER-IN-EXILE: JOHN SINCLAIR. Copyright, 1969, The Ann Arbor Argus. No portion of this may be reproduced without permission, except for Underground Press Syndicate Members. The Argus is published bi-weekly at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Member, Liberation News Service, LNS, Underground Press Syndicate, UPS, and Revolutionary Press Movement, RPM. Editorial offices, 725 North University, Number 7, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48104. Phone: 662-3258. NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Concert Hall Publications, 302 Easton Road, Glenside, Pennsylvania. Phone: (215) TU7-9224. NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION REPRESENTATIVE: J&A Distribution Co., Inc. 1133 Broadway, N.Y. N.Y. 10010. Phone: (212) 242-4741. Subscription Rates: \$3 per year, \$5 two years and overseas one year. Servicemen, \$2 per year. In Vietnam—FREE!

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Three of an eight picture sequence depicting "rioter" Donna McNeal leading up to her arrest for "contention" during Harvey's South University riot. After the existence of the pictures became known, charges were dropped. — Photos by Thomas R. Copi.

Courtroom Comedy

by Fleagle

The trials arising out of the May battle for South University are continuing at a slow pace. None of the felony trials have begun although seven people have been bound over to Circuit Court. Over half the people charged with misdemeanors have either had their charge dismissed or been found innocent.

Sheriff Harvey and the law enforcement officers from Monroe and Oakland counties have been responsible for most of the dismissals. While Harvey was busy attacking students and street people, he forgot to have any deputy note who was arresting whom, so in some cases, Assistant Prosecutor Thomas Shea has no idea who the arresting officer was, and his choice was either questioning every police officer or dismissing the case. He has chosen dismissal.

While fortunate for the defendants, this comedy shows just how ill-equipped Harvey is in the simple jobs of law enforcement. The Prosecutor's office has said nothing for publication, but no doubt they are disturbed. When a lawyer walks into court without finding his chief witness, he looks like a fool.

Harvey's inability to function as sheriff has gone further even after defendants are convicted. Jeff Hoff was sentenced to fourteen days to be served on weekends, but when he showed up to start serving his time, they had no information concerning him so they sent him home.

Two defendants have won acquittal from juries while a third trial, that of Linda Storr, ended in a hung jury with Judge Thomassen

dismissing the charge afterward. The fact that the juries have not been willing to convict implies that at least some of the citizens of Ann Arbor believe that the police and sheriff's department are not free from fault in the South University battle. The members of the jury are not willing to totally accept the police version concerning what happened.

Some of the defendants are going on the offensive against Sheriff Harvey. Lawyers have been contacted who are starting suit in federal court to stop the sheriff from cutting the hair of people arrested while they are in jail awaiting release on bond. Harvey has cut hair simply to harass prisoners. He even had the hair of one defendant, Nick Bertoni, cut after his bond had been put up. In other cases the jail officials refused to accept bond until they had a chance to cut the prisoners' hair.

The sheriff claims that he cut men's hair for sanitary reasons, but he refuses to tell why he only started this policy with the South University battle. When over 200 persons were arrested in the welfare sit-in, Harvey left their hair alone.

While much political and legal energy has been involved in the aftermath of the South U battle, other struggles are also going on.

Picketing for the grape strike has returned to the Broadway Krogers. Although Krogers had agreed not to stock grapes last year, they are now selling them again. In Detroit action against Krogers has taken the form of shop-ins where people load up shopping carts and then leave them at the check out counter. Perfectly legal, the tactic works best when eggs and vegetables are put at the bottom of the cart and slowly melt-

ing ice cream on top. Ann Arbor picketers have not started such action as yet because of conflict over the tactic.

Anyway, DON'T BUY GRAPES. The mass media is trying to make the public believe that the labor problem is just about over since the Federal Labor Mediation Service entered the dispute. The mediation service has no power to order a settlement and the growers don't want Caesar Chavez and his union. They have started a big public relations campaign to off-set the boycott which lead to a six percent loss in sales. However, the grape growers were not hurt as bad as they should have been since the United States Department of Defense bought the excess grapes.

The Tenant's Union will be able to see the books of the landlords involved in the conspiracy suit according to a ruling made by Circuit Court Judge Ager last week. This means that the landlord will be forced to show how much money they make or forget about their suit against the Tenants' Union. Judge Ager also turned down a motion by the landlords for summary judgement and for the Tenants' Union to turn over their funds to the court.

The judge also turned down a Tenants' Union motion for more time to prepare the case. The Ann Arbor News played the court's decision like both sides had lost something, but the truth is that the judge's rulings helped the rent strike more than hurt it, and put the landlords in a difficult position. The landlords have been trying to avoid showing their books ever since high rents became an issue in Ann Arbor.

Harvey's Gonna Get His — Maybe

by Howard Kohn

Although Sheriff Douglas Harvey will likely escape a federal indictment, the U.S. Justice Department will interview him this week in its continuing investigation of his department.

Sources said federal investigators will question Harvey about the harassment of women prisoners at the Washtenaw County jail.

Several women arrested during the South University street fighting of June 17-18 said Harvey's sex-crazed deputies molested them and threatened to rape them.

The federals are looking for violations of the 1965 Civil Rights Act under which they could indict Harvey.

Bulletin

Peter Hurkos, mystical murder-solving magician, has left Ann Arbor bitter over Sheriff Douglas Harvey's obstinacy and ridiculing. Hurkos said he may come back around Aug. 10, but hinted strongly that Harvey's attitude would have to change. Hurkos described the scene where Karen Heinman's body was found last week, even identifying the road, before being informed of the body's discovery. When he was informed, 24 hours later, Hurkos was denied access to the scene by Harvey until Walter Krasny, Ann Arbor chief of police, intervened. Harvey had also neglected to tell Krasny of the discovery and Krasny had to be told by newsmen. Harvey gave no explanation for his stultified actions, except to say "the murders can be solved by conventional means." Karen's murder, however, along with six other sex slayings in two years, remains unsolved. Hurkos has theorized that a "group of religious fanatics may think they're cleansing the world" by committing the murders.

Sources said the Justice Department, however, will probably not bring charges against Harvey but will recommend disciplinary action to the Michigan Board of Cor-

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It's a Hard Rain

by Ken Kelley

As this is being written, John Sinclair is sleeping on a cement floor in the Wayne County jail in a cell with seven other convicted criminals. It is a fitful sleep.

Bob Rudnick summed it up well on Friday night's Kokaine Karma show on WABX, which was dedicated to John:

"It's so hard, so unbelievably hard, to accept the fact that someone you live with and love and admire and respect so much can be just snatched away. It's impossible to relate to, the reality of it..."

John was convicted last Friday on the State of Michigan's two-year-old charge that he gave a marijuana cigaret to one of their undercover

BULLETIN—John Sinclair was sentenced to "not less than 9½ nor more than 10 years" in Jackson State Prison Monday morning by honkie hanging judge Robert Colombo. According to Colombo, Sinclair has been, up to now, treated like the court's favorite son. Colombo implied that the obvious harassment that has been going down in the past three or four years is all a product of Sinclair's fevered brain [probably the result of smoking so much killer weed]. Colombo also, in a move equating John Sinclair with Vito Jacalone, denied any appeal bond. Sinclairs lawyers will continue to fight the legal system through appellate courts, though there is no guarantee that an appeal will be granted.

They may have John for the time being, but there are many, many more of us out here. There were so many people in the courtroom that there was no room for even one more person. Many of our brothers [including the band, the MC-5, managed by John Sinclair] had to stand outside the doors. And there just aren't enough cells to hold us all.

—Debby

agents. It takes the State of Michigan two years to get him into court, then two days to conclude the trial that puts him in jail.

Before he entered the cell, he hugged his wife Magdalene and handed her his White Panther button. She and the other members of Trans-Love then congregated at the Fifth Estate office to plan a strategy to raise the money to try and bail him out.

But whether any amount of money will bail him out is up to Robert

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Colombo, a former attorney for the Detroit Police Officer's Association, who is now a judge in America's legal system, and who will sentence John. By the time this is printed, John will have been sentenced.

John's lawyer, Detroit attorney Justin "Chuck" Ravitz, was dismal. "We knew all along that we could never win this thing before a jury, that our only possible chance for dismissal was to appeal. But we presented such a good case, and demolished the prosecution's 'evidence' so effectively, that we worked ourselves up into actually believing that we might get an acquittal, or at least a hung jury," said Ravitz. "Colombo—who has always hated me—even gave us a very fair trial. It's a weird psychic thing, but I think he now respects me and the case we presented. Of course he won't miss an opportunity to put John Sinclair in jail. The name John Sinclair itself is enough to scare the shit out of the middleclass tax-paying citizens of this state."

The conviction is John's third for possession of dope. The sentence can range from probation to 10 years, and Ravitz pessimistically predicts 7 to 10. The important question of bail bond is another cause for pessimism. John was convicted three months ago on the charge of assaulting a rent-a-demon at a honky-tonk teenclub in Leonard, Michigan, a bogus charge.

He was released on \$5,000 appeal bond, and rarely is someone let off on two appeal bonds, unless you're Jimmy Hoffa or Vito Jacalone. So John could start serving his sentence today.

Originally, John was charged with sale as well as possession, but Ravitz had the sales charge thrown out on "entrapment." Then, while cross-examining undercover skunk Vaughan Kapigian, Ravitz moved for retrial on the possession case, on the grounds that Kapigian had made "prejudicial statements." Colombo agreed, and the new trial started last Tuesday.

There was a little hope. The new jury had seven blacks, the old one had just one. Ravitz literally scorched his way through the trial, winning round after round. He even got some jurors to admit that they thought policemen, especially a germ like Kapigian, could lie under oath.

"The momentum was building up. We went through the trial so quickly because of the momentum factor. We thought that if we sent the jury out right after my summation, instead of waiting over the weekend when the jurors would talk to their old men and old ladies and become more prejudiced, we could get them talking about the

[Continued on page 12]



Whose

by Ellen Davis

A Wayne State University coed died from an attempted abortion last year. A police autopsy found she wasn't even pregnant.

She was not an isolated incident. Women universally are asking for relief from a role which makes them involuntary incubators.

More than 10 per cent of all pregnant women ask doctors for pregnancy terminations, according to a national survey of obstetricians.

Yet each year in Michigan illegal abortions kill 20-30 women and maim or sterilize hundreds more. Each year in Michigan more than 8,000 illegal abortions are executed at prices ranging from \$400 to \$1500. And Michigan is well below the national average.

An awkward alliance of doctors and women is starting to pressure for reform of century-old abortion laws.

Basically they dispute the legal sensibilities on which the public's collective ownership of uteri is founded. They want to establish women's right to self-ownership.

If the law requires extensive screening of prospective parents before adopting children, they ask, why does it then force women to bear children they don't want or can't feed?

State laws have long tried to reconcile the underlying issue of whether the mother-to-be or the fetus has priority rights.

In *Bonberst v. Katz* [1946] a U.S. judge ruled, "From the view of the civil law and the law of property, a child in the womb of its mother is not only regarded as a human being but as such from the moment of conception—which it is in fact."

That opinion is accepted by most states. Michigan, for instance, has just extended fetal rights involving civil suits where the mother-to-be has been judged legally unfit. Now the courts can appoint a guardian *ad litem* for the fetus.

But in seeming contradiction to the 1946 ruling, all state laws allow pregnancy terminations to save the life of a mother-to-be i.e. no legal abortionist can be charged with murder.

The question remains: When does a mother-to-be assume priority rights over her fetus?

The laws are pocked with vague entangled answers. A Michigan clause demands death certificates for a miscarried fetus—but only if the fetus is more than five months old.

No law defines "life" in legal-scientific terms. Many scientists believe an embryo has no brain-waves. They theorize that human life doesn't begin until the brain function—based on the same assumptions used in heart transplant decisions.

Many legislators agree definitions are badly needed. But few legislators seem willing to accept any.

The coalition of reformists has been attacking abortion laws from Constitutional cover.

When the Supreme Court struck down Connecticut's anti-birth control law, it ruled the law infringed "on the right of privacy of married persons by preventing them from making a personal, intimate and crucial decision which may effect their own health and well-being as well as that of their family."

Since unwanted pregnancies can impair physical and mental health, the same argument can be applied to abortion laws.

Carrying the logic even further, some libertarians contend the state is interfering with obstetricians and their patients "to prevent the administration of scientific, sound and appropriate medical care endangering the public health instead of protecting it."

Reformists also condemn abortion laws on the grounds they do not guarantee equal protection under the law. They say the poor are discriminated against.

Dr. Edward Pierce, Ann Arbor hip physician, explains, "The rich get good abortions in Puerto Rico, the less rich get crummy ones, and the poor get illegitimate kids."

The Roman Catholic Church, chief lobbyist against abortion law reform, claims the fetus has a soul from the moment of conception and that any abortion is pre-meditated murder.

The Stitch in

[Editor's note: A sperm cell can live in the uterus for two days, during which it may fertilize a ripe ovum in the fallopian tubes. Usually one of the tubes harbors a fertile egg cell for only two days each month. If the ovum becomes fertilized, it must then travel down the tube and attach itself to the wall of the uterus. Always be certain you are pregnant before contemplating an abortion. Simply missing a menstrual period is often not reliable proof. University of Michigan students can get pregnancy tests at health service. After you have an abortion, you should contact your own doctor for a check-up.]

The Argus has prepared the following fact sheet on abortions. Historically women have tried countless methods of abortion. Midwives today still use ergot or quinine, potentially fatal, especially in the early months of pregnancy. Some abortionists may inject a soap solution into the uterus, which can cause death if a soap bubble gets into a blood vessel. Knitting needles are even used by women themselves, even though the needles can kill then by puncturing the uterus wall.

THE FIRST 24 HOURS

The morning-after pill, available at health service for married and unmarried students, contains hormones which prevent the fertilized egg or zygote from attaching itself to the uterus wall. Once the zygote is firmly attached, usually within 24 hours, the morning-after pill is ineffective.

If you're using the rhythm method, unplanned intercourse during your fertile period need not lead to pregnancy if you take the morning-after pill.

THE FIRST THREE MONTHS

Almost all abortions are executed within the first three months of pregnancy.

Do not immediately rule out legal abortions. Michigan law allows abortions to save the life of the mother. Some enlightened doctors, including some at University Hospital in Ann Arbor, interpret this to mean mental life as well as physical.

Arkansas, California, Colorado, Kansas, Maryland, New Mexico and Oregon have liberalized abortion laws which okay mental health reasons. Colorado, though, usually requires that you threaten suicide.

Illegal abortionists are plentiful, although competent ones charge

LANSING—Sen. Gilbert Bursley of Ann Arbor is backing a mild abortion bill in the state legislature. Originally the bill was to be a compromise to answer demands that abortion laws be completely repealed.

Bursley's reform bill, however, has not yet reached the senate floor for debate because it hasn't won the 20 votes necessary to take it "off the table."

Bursley was four votes short in June—the last time he tried. Now the bill is back in committee and probably won't be reported out again until the 1970 winter session.

Under Bursley's bill, the law would permit abortions if . . .

(1) . . . the physical or mental health of the woman is impaired by pregnancy.

(2) . . . the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest.

(3) . . . there was significant risk the child would be born deformed.

A special hospital committee would have to pass on all abortion requests.

Bursley was confident he'd corralled enough votes to put his bill on the floor for debate.

But lobbyists from the Roman Catholic Church defeated him with strategic last-minute politicking.

The Catholic lobbyists have offices only a block from the Capitol. Jerry Coones, director of the Michigan Catholic Conference, heads up a 10-man team which has concentrated on parochial and the abortion bill in 1969.

No lobbying records have been filed for this year but observers estimate the Catholic lobby is spending money at three-four times its usual rate.

Only 24 hours before Bursley's bill was scheduled to appear for its initial test, the lobbyists [aided by several unregistered priests and laymen] barraged senators with phone call threats and deals.

Lobbyists privately agreed the abortion bill would have priority over parochial and agreed to ease up on parochial demands if abortion law reform was flatly rejected.

Sen. Arthur Cartwright [Detroit] and Sen. Joseph Mack [Ironwood], who had been in the Bursley camp, purposely avoided roll the next day.

Sen. Stanley Novak [Detroit], Sen. Basil Brown [Highland Park] and Sen. Oscar Bou-sma [Muskegon] also missed for legitimate reasons. All three favor the bill.

On the roll call, 16 senators voted to bring the bill on the floor, 17 voted against it.

The Health, Social Services and Retirement Committee now has the bill. The committee reported it out in May without giving it a recommendation—which is a bad omen for any bill.

Since, then, Sen. Lorraine Beebe [Dearborn], committee chairman, has pledged full support to the bill after admitting she had an illegal abortion 25 years ago.

Other committee members are Sen. Har-

e Time...

at least \$400-500. A midwife may charge a lot less, but post-abortion hospitalization costs usually total up to more than \$500.

Abortions performed within three months of conception are usually in the form of dilation and curettage [D and C's] which are simple and safe if done legally in a hospital. But even sympathetic doctors cannot perform illegal D and C's in hospitals because all tissue removed during an operation is inspected by a hospital committee. The committee can differentiate between a naturally induced D and C [miscarriage] and an abortion.

D and C's usually require 48 hours of hospitalization. But illegal D and C's do not have that luxury.

Most illegal abortionists operate in their own offices and give only a local anesthetic instead of total anesthesia. Consequently an illegal D and C is more painful than a legal one.

Women who've had abortions can give you advice on the competency of an illegal abortionist. The sanitary state of his office is always a prime indicator.

In a D and C the cervix is dilated by using a series of pointed rods of increasing diameter. Then an instrument is inserted to scrape out the uterus. A new suction device can be used, but very few doctors own this instrument yet.

Only physical manipulation can remove fetal growth in the first three months. Doses of quinine and ergot necessary to induce an abortion in the first three months could easily kill the woman. They can only be used in the later months.

Instead of drug-induced abortions, midwives often perform bastardized D and C's. After dilation they insert a catheter into the uterus, leaving it there for two-three hours to cause a mild infection of the fetal tissue. In two-three weeks the fetal mass aborts spontaneously.

But the infection can spread beyond the fetal tissue. The last two abortion deaths in the Ann Arbor area were due to catheter infections.

AFTER THREE MONTHS

Almost no doctor will perform an illegal abortion after three months.

But many legal abortions are conducted. Doctors inject a saline solution which kills the fetus.

It is probably less expensive, less hassle and extremely less dangerous just to give birth and then give up the child for adoption—if you're three months pregnant and can't get a legal abortion.

ry DeMaso [Detroit], Sen. Alvin DeGrow, Sen. William Faust [Westland] and Cartwright.

DeMaso and DeGrow voted to bring the bill to the floor. Cartwright, although wary of a Catholic constituency, may be susceptible to Bursley's arm-twisting.

Faust has been against the bill but pressure from the Democratic central committee may quiet him down.

A group of Ann Arbor women demonstrated in front of the Capitol in June to support Bursley's bill. Sen. Jerome Hart of Saginaw denounced the group without answering its questions. "Where will we go from there if we pass that bill?" he shouted.

Hart has been appointed to a study com-

mittee on abortion along with Bursley, Sen. James McCauley [Wyandotte] and Sen. James Fleming [Jackson].

Open hearings will be held in Kalamazoo, Benton Harbor and Grand Rapids in the fall.

McCauley sponsored a bill which would have effectively repealed all abortion laws. It received only 13 votes in June and has very little chance of ever reaching the senate floor. It is also back in committee.

Fleming, a steadfast Catholic, presented a long diatribe on the "rights of the unborn" in blasting both McCauley and Bursley's bills. Fleming is also a strong ally of Sen. Rober Huber [Troy], the powerful self-declared leader of the ultra-conservative senate faction. Hart is a member of that faction.

Concerned people have established centers throughout the United States to consult with women who have problem pregnancies.

San Francisco [415-848-6036]—Los Angeles [213-666-7600]—Cleveland [216-477-0034]—Philadelphia [215-923-5141]—Detroit [313-964-0838].

In Ann Arbor, useful places to consult with all types of pregnancy problems are:

Office of Religious Affairs, 2282 SAB, 764-7442
Washtenaw County League for Planned Parenthood, 122-1/2 E. Liberty, 663-3306
Medical Clinic - Health Service, 207 Fletcher/764-8325
University Hospital - Gynecological Clinic [out patient] 1405 E. Ann, 764-3293
Mental Health Clinic - Health Service, 207 Fletcher, 764-8320.



Body

Mary Tear, on the Life Committee of the Detroit archdiocese, testified recently before the Michigan state senate, "A woman gets married to raise a family and populate the earth."

Mrs. Tear said she could conceive of no exceptions, although she admitted girls pregnant by rape or incest "deserve the reassuring help of everyone."

The Catholic Church's fetal doctrine is relatively new.

Before 1869 church canons said the soul entered the male fetus 40 days after conception and the female fetus 80 days after. Abortions were acceptable in the interim.

But an 1869 papal decree decided the soul enters the zygote at the moment of conception.

"We cannot be certain that ensoulment does occur at the first moment of conception. But since we can't be sure, we must act as if it does occur," says Mrs. Tear.

Catholic-administered hospitals, which are nearly half of Michigan's total, have a standing policy of baptizing miscarriages from Catholic women.

But the Catholic Church does not order menstrual flow to be baptized although 20 per cent of all fertilized ovum are aborted naturally and ejected in menstrual flow.

Ironically, because of Catholic superstitions concerning birth control, Catholic women suffer more than other sects from abortion laws. Rev. Farley Wheelwright of the Cleveland Consultation Service on Abortions reports that Catholic women form a majority of those seeking help from his service.

Other Christian denominations contribute to an organized stand against abortion reformists.

John Choitz, president of the Michigan Lutheran College, opposes abortion because "only the government is given the prerogative to kill a human being in the line of duty."

But Choitz confuses his own argument when he purports "God states that any person who fails to prevent, protect and save a person from suffering bodily harm is a murderer." Choitz does not have a ready rationalization for the 8,000 women who are killed each year in the United States.

More than one million illegal abortions are performed in the U.S. each year—80 per cent on married women.

United States laws resemble those of Turkey, Western Australia, Venezuela, Chili and France. France, whose laws are often controlled by the Catholic clergy, has an illegal abortion rate almost equal to its birth rate.

Most countries are not nearly so primitive. The Soviet Union has hospital quarters set up for abortions. Bulgaria grants free abortions to women endangered by the pregnancy. Hungary grants abortions on demand.

Japan, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia authorize abortions for social and humanitarian reasons. The Yugoslavian law allows abortion "when it can be reasonably expected that the pregnant woman will find herself placed, as a result of the birth of the child, in difficult personal, family or material conditions."

Sweden, Iceland, Denmark and Norway permit abortions for socio-medical reasons. Iceland's law is 34 years old.

California has the most liberal abortion law in the United States. The number of illegal abortions in California has remained constant at 100,000 per annum—instead of increasing—since the law passed.

But 10 women are rushed to Los Angeles General Hospital with botched abortions in an average day.

Even portions of the medical hierarchy, however, remain untroubled by this deadly toll.

"I am here to state unequivocally that there are no medical reasons for abortion," proclaims Dr. John Hillabrand, chairman of the National Commission on Human Life. "I have taken care of maternity cases with every conceivable form of complication from heart disease, tuberculosis, broken backs, brain tumors to everything else."

[Continued on page 15]

Fighting Fascism

by Tom Nixon

Special to the Argus

OAKLAND—The first National Conference for a United Front Against Fascism ended late Sunday night the way that it began—with a speech. The conference, like all left conferences, was primarily one of words. The thing that made it different was the determination of the Black Panther Party to bring unified action out of the world of talk.

The speeches ranged from the exceptional, punctuated with "Right on", up-raised fists and chants of "All power to the people", to those that caused the listeners to wander about and whisper among themselves.

But the speeches were not rhetoric designed to draw folks to one organization or another, they were the speeches of unity, of common experience and purpose. To the over 4,000 people from the 300 various organizations, they were the education. Education to the fact that Fascism is not in the works, not just around the corner but is here, NOW. Education—the all important first step towards action. Even I, a definite speech hater, survived.

Besides the flow of words, other necessary ingredients of left political conferences showed up. For one, PL (Progressive Labor, the ousted section of SDS) came, and at one point two of their dudes jumped Mark Rudd, newly elected national secretary of SDS. The Panthers and SDS deal with the situation shoving PL off the grounds and out of the conference, back into the land of bullshit and nonsense where they belong.

Factional interests also flared, as Women's Liberation staged a standing protest against Male Chauvinism when the conference was yet an hour and a half old.

But all of what could have become open, factional bickering, all that could have divided and destroyed the conference was contained as the Black Panther Party speakers constantly reminded:

"We ain't jivin', we ain't bullshittin', we ain't here to listen to a lot of rhetoric and bicker amongst ourselves. We're here to take care of some serious business. To

form a united front against fascism, and people have got to relate to a functional, practical, unified program to combat the avaricious, greedy, exploiting businessman; the demagogic, lying, law and order politician and the fascist pig cops."

That was the tone, and on that tone I could even endure speeches that made my eyes heavy. Then, on the last night, after listening and listening we finally got down to it—the functional program to combat Fascism. The program is to begin with the formation of the National Committees to Combat Fascism. A committee in every town and city, uniting all local groups that are opposed to Fascism and all of those city committees into the national organization—the beginning of the American Liberation Front.

The focus of the committees is to be control of the pigs through decentralization and community control. As the committees form they are to put together a petition designed to amend the city charter and give the power back to the people.

A couple of paragraphs from the already drawn up petition for Oakland (Cal.) will help to clarify things:

"This amendment provides for community control of the police by establishing separate police departments for the two major communities of Oakland: the Black community and the predominantly white area. The departments would be separate and autonomous. They can by mutual agreement use common facilities. Each department will be administered by full time police commissions. The commissioners are selected by a Neighborhood Police Control Council composed of 15 members from that community, elected by those who live there.

"The councils shall have the power to discipline officers for breaches of Department policy or violations of law. They may direct their police Commissioner to make changes in department wide police policy by majority vote. . . The Council can recall the commissioner appointed by it at any time it finds that he is no longer responsive to the community. The community can recall the council members when they are not responsive to it.

"All police officers must live in the department they work in."

A petition some will say is bullshit but part of what true revolution is about is the education of the masses and this campaign gives the opportunity for just that, while at the same time implementing a program to give the power to the people. As the Black Panther Party puts it, "We will move nationally to raise the consciousness of the people and exhaust all political means in moving practically with a program that relates to the masses."

There's intricacies to drawing up the petition and there's intricacies and maybe even danger in their circulation but it all comes down to work—real revolutionary work that can move to turn this country back to the people.

The conference is not the end but the beginning. There'll be another conference out here in Oct. of Nov. and the BPP wants to see 15,000 at that conference. The ones that get off their asses and do some relevant work will be there and the ones that they educate in the process will be there. Organize and educate—the keys.

Bobby Seale made it known that "if nobody else does it, the Black Panther Party will die in order to implement the Program in Oakland."

As Chairman Seale says "We're getting down to the nitty-gritty, and we ain't gonna miss no nits or grits."

It's time to move. The Black Panther Party has supplied the tools and the program—the people will make it work. Let's get it on.

Photo—Top, Chairman Bobby Seale addresses Conference. Bottom, Cadre of Young Patriots from Chicago, and Panthers perform an honor guard. Photos by Steve Shames.

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LOVE is A FOUR-LETTER WORD

by Howard Kohn

Cassidy Lake Technical School, supposed showplace of Michigan's penal system, can no longer hide a history of high-handed racist policies.

By firing two teachers this spring, the school unintentionally exposed beveling inhumanities more in keeping with prisoner-of-war camps than with a training school.

Most of the expressed faults of the greater U.S. prison system are embodied at Cassidy Lake:

- Unilateral punishments for political reasons, which add one-to-five years on original sentences.
- Blatant institutionalized racism, which keeps blacks out of preferred programs.
- Homosexual attacks, which are ignored by authorities.
- Brainwashing, which teaches blacks to accept white "tokenism".

Because Cassidy Lake has been looked to by reformers as an "ideal" rehabilitation center, these facts are doubly disturbing.

Cassidy Lake is burrowed deep in woodlands near Chelsea, 20 miles from Ann Arbor. Tawny brick classrooms are set against a sedate lake and log cabin barracks.

First offenders, many of them from Jackson State Prison, are sent here for vocational and academic training. Almost 75 per cent of the students are black. The average age is 18.

But all administrators are white—and all teachers were white until Roosevelt Love came to Cassidy Lake as a prison intern in 1963.

Born in Autauga, Ala., Love spent his boyhood on the streets of Detroit "dealing, robbing, pimping and fighting."

"But all through this I had a desire to get an education," he says.

A basketball scholarship tripped him to Nashville College in Tennessee in 1962—but Southern white chauvenism dropped him out after a semester.

He drifted to Belvedere, Ill., and to a farmhand's job with Green Giant Corp. Hired as a foreman, Love crossed Green Giant by suggesting to the unorganized migrants that \$1.50 wasn't very much for an hour of vine-picking.

"Green Giant had it in for me after that," he says. "They jumped me finally for letting another guy use my crib with his broad."

Back in Detroit's inner city, Love was arrested for armed robbery of a furniture store. Rather than copping a plea, Love fought the charge in court. In return he got three-to-ten, starting in June, 1963.

But at Jackson Prison he was quarantined off because of his educational background, which ranked him in the top 10 per cent of the inmates.

"Now this place, Jackson, is what I call a breaking station. Like they see here whether you're gonna sing and so forth.

"It's a mental breaking station because here they're supposed to teach you to come back into society and live according to society's rules. But me, especially being a black person, how could I expect to live by society's rules if society's rules aren't gonna meet my needs. Dig what I'm talking about?

"All the average black man can hope to achieve in society is to accept some kind of tokenism. Say well, 'Cool it, I accept this job and want to be taught.' Well, that's not me..."

But Love scored high in English and was sent to Cassidy Lake to teach English—the first black intern ever.

"Teaching English was okay—I could play it cool. But I could see a lot of shit going on that wasn't in the curriculum. The attitude was real bad toward the black students."

Love won "high ratings" from his supervisors and received a special parole so he could enroll at Western Michigan University in the fall of 1964.

When he graduated with degrees in history and education in December, 1968, Cassidy Lake recruiters asked him back. So Love returned, as the lone black academic teacher.

Black students had organized an Afro-American Club earlier in 1968 and petitioned for a black history course. Perhaps fooled by his previous credits as an intern, the administration decided Love would be "Uncle Tomish" enough to fit the status quo while placating the Afro Club.

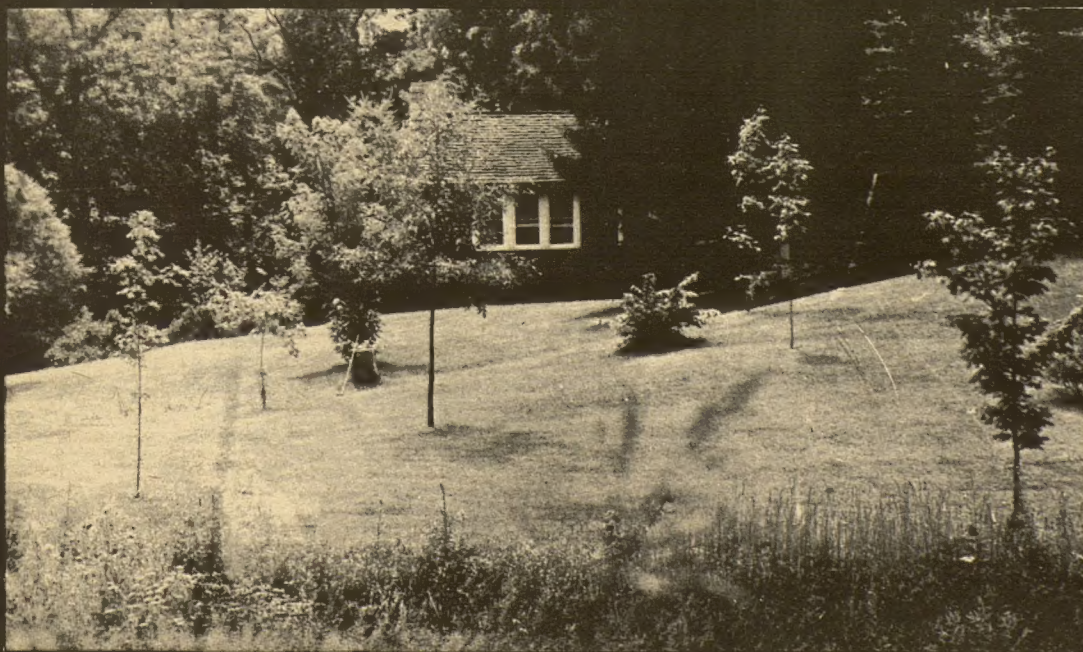
The administration guessed wrong.

"The first thing they told me was, 'Don't call it Black History, the community might get upset.' I could

[Continued on page 11]



Roosevelt Love tells the story of Cassidy Lake Technical School even though his outspokenness is sure to exacerbate political persecution of him. Gilford R. Johnson, Cassidy Lake superintendent, [whose logcabin quarters are pictured on the left] fired Love this spring because he inspired black awareness in his students. —Photography by Thomas R. Copi and Jay Cassidy.





Top left and center, various participants in the Media Conference. Middle, Yurpie Abbie Hoffman indulges in a little revolutionary touch football. Bottom, Harvey's goats lend excitement to an otherwise dull day. Photos by Alan Gutkin and Magdalene Sinclair.

PRESS

UNITED

INTERNATIONAL

by Ken Kelley, with a little help from my friend Jeff Sheero

The Hill is out Broadway, over the bridge, and up Plymouth Road a ways. It's part of the general wood culture that surrounds Ann Arbor—long dirt roads lead up to the old brick house the crazed Tate Blues Band occupies. It has a great Panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. There's even a big old dugout underground wine cellar, very appropriate for the scene which took place there two weeks ago: the Third International Conference of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPLS).

Two hundred and fifty brothers and sisters migrated by van, truck, thumb, fake or real youthlife card, stagecoach, and car to gather on The Hill and get down. The Rat, Hairy, Great Speckled Bird, Seed, Kaleidoscope, Georgia Straight, Kudzu, and all the other alternative information organs around the planet.

The weather was sunny, the dope was good, the wine was mellow, and the people got to know each other. Which in itself was probably one of the most productive things of the whole conference. There was a sort of loose agenda, so people meandered back and forth among the various workshops.

One of the workshops dealt with the problem of Columbia records. Earlier this year, Columbia, which had been one of the biggest advertisers in the underground press, pulled out—cancelling numerous contracts with ushers. *since the reason for it*

out Saturday to tell us all the sordid details, and also to bring copies of the Tribe's "Barb on Strike," and Max Scherr's own ego-tripping Scab Edition. The papers voted complete solidarity with the Tribe.

Then William Margaret Keast, president of Wayne State in Detroit, tried to shut the South End down. A concerted effort by volunteers from the conference, putting most of the paper together in the Argus office with materials from the Fifth Estate, finally brought about the finished product. Unfortunately the paper didn't come out til Monday, and most of the papers had split too soon to see the fruits of their efforts. It was a great issue.

Big Man of the Black Panther paper also on hand there to talk about the United Front against Fascism (see p. 61), and impressed everyone with his analysis and perceptions, eliciting as he does the most revolutionary paper in the universe.

We were all sitting around in the shadows of the 1946 Orpheus bus, which somehow made it here all the way from Phoenix, when the papers were treated to a distinctly Ann Arbor touch—part of the feeling which every resident freak has come to know so well.

It was late Saturday afternoon, and we were talking about forming a new propaganda firm, when someone called out, "hey, there's some pigs down there!" Few paid any attention at first. But about two minutes later, twenty deputies from Wash-

things of the first conference. There was a sort of agenda, so people meandered back and forth among the various workshops. One of the workshops dealt with the problem of Columbia records. Earlier this year, Columbia, which had been one of the biggest advertisers in the underground press, pulled out—cancelling numerous contracts with writers, giving no reason for it. John Wilcock and all rep Michael Forman had gone to Clive Davis, Columbia chief exec, and asked him why he'd bullbaited about market reports (which he wouldn't let them see) and something about wanting to advertise in primarily mass magazines. Reports from inside Columbia indicated that it was an anti-pornography measure. So Brother John Sinclair was commissioned to write up a full page to be run in every paper, explaining to people the nature of Columbia, appealing to musicians and artists to pressure the company executives for a policy reversal. [Columbia ran the most incredibly bullbait total-type ads as it was.] Direct action, such as liberating Columbia records from stores or disruption of the company's headquarters in an army of hips was put off until the effectiveness of the first campaign could be judged.

The easy atmosphere led to lots of groups of informal discussions. People ate watermelon and chicken cooked on earthen barbecue pits, and dug the high-energy jams of Terry Tate and Co. In between, debates about women's liberation and sex exploitation in underground papers, a more effective Liberation News Service, the role of the Underground Press Association, and the responsibility of papers to their communities were rapped on.

Many of the larger, politically-conscious papers felt a need to develop a more program-oriented, tight-communication brotherhood within UPS to unite sections of the country. With a weekly readership of over two million (up from 50,000 just three years ago), and with the repression just starting to die its muscles, people felt that a Revolutionary Press Movement should emerge. Rat's Jeff Shero led the discussion, and the mechanics for setting up the necessary methods of the RPM were drawn up.

Abbie Hoffman was there to talk about the conspiracy, and the upcoming Chicago trials, which would be one of the first major coverage steps for the RPM. He also made sure people didn't take themselves over-seriously.

Before the conference began, most of us doubted that the LA Free Press would show. Art Kuukin has more or less gone down the primrose path of liberalism these past few years, and tried to drag his paper with him. But Jack Burgess, the Free's managing editor, gave us some really good vibrations, and assured us that times are changing. East Village Other, one of the eight original UPS members along with the Free Press and Berkeley Barb, didn't think it was necessary to send any kind of representative contingent. Perhaps because EVO doesn't have a representative contingent.

In the midst of the conference, two important instances of media oppression arose. Max Schery, editor and founder of the Berkeley Barb, had tried to pull a capitalistic fast one on the Red Mountain Tribe, the brothers and sisters that put it out. So the Tribe struck (see back page for full coverage). Annie Beitzant from the Tribe came



know as well. It was late Saturday afternoon, and new propaganda items when someone called out, "Hey, there's some pigs down there!" Few paid any attention at first. But about two minutes later, twenty deputies from Washington County Sheriff Doug Harvey's Political Head-Splitting Squad (PHSS) climbed out of bushes, parachuted out of helicopters, and ran up the front road. Hips drawn, helmets fastened, bulletproof vests secured.

Abbie Hoffman said "We better sing 'We Shall Overcome' or stand up." The tranquility of a woodland retreat was quickly broken. People sprang up, and began using guerrillafactics to confuse the pigs, giving us time to assess the situation. Some of Harvey's hogs clearly hoped for an incident, some excuse to shoot. They swaggered and brayed, but we were too cool. The two Ann Arbor police clutched the stock of their guns with trembling and moist palms, not knowing what to expect—scream, and thus more dangerous.

Several times the pigs undid their safeties and jammed their shot guns at the heads of people who tried to walk by them. Lives were really hanging on trembling fingers. Literally one wrong move and tomorrow there'd be a mass demonstration for the Ann Arbor martyrs, and 250 fewer underground papers in the world. But street training had developed a quicker sense of timing and a stronger nerve. The revolution-

ary conversations which may have seemed like bullbait a year ago were now borne out. Though surrounded, we still held some measure of control.

The pigs claimed they were searching for a chick who had been busted for pot and subsequently released two days earlier. Of course the fact that she wasn't there, and never had been, gave the pigs more incentive to mobilize their forces, as they demanded that all the girls line up on the front lawn and produce ID proving they weren't the one. Victims of the St. Valentine's Day massacre, Knoxville Ship-Tanker graced with the head oink, while we milled around not letting them separate out the girls. Stymied, they searched the Tate house, kicking in three doors, stealing lots of papers (looking to the back for the sex eds first), searched all the cars that weren't locked, and writing down all the license plate numbers to send to Edgar J. Hoover. They then split.

It was an appropriate ending to the conference, everyone recognizing how really valuable we are right now. The discussions on forming the RPM with pooled resources, and on protecting papers under attack, took a more deliberate turn. The only organized discussion dwelt on collective defense, but, informally, plans were drawn up to begin coordination for the Fall action in Chicago, and to schedule a future meeting to tie the RPM together (probably in Detroit). And as Sheriff Harvey said later: "I didn't know anything about the raid until after it happened."



HARVEY

[Continued from page 3]

rections—which governs all state jails. The Board of Corrections could remove jail personnel and censure Harvey. The board did slap Harvey in 1968 for operating an illegal incorrigible cell used to confine draft protestors and students. The Justice Department began its investigation into the South U arrests two weeks

suit against Harvey. Barbas was arrested and released.

Any eyewitness to South U arrests is asked to contact the U.S. attorney's office in Detroit.

One federal said he was convinced Harvey had arrested "more than a dozen innocent people" but lamented the lack of witnesses.

Mayor Robert Harris' official investigating team has reportedly been working more on police departmental reforms rather than on the South U arrests.

Harris has hired a private agency to check into Harvey but probably will not act on any of its findings. Apparently he will also shovel the information on to the Board of Corrections or to Gov. William Milliken.

Harvey's only comment on the investigations has been: "I don't care who investigates us. We didn't do anything wrong despite what you people wrote."

ago after a group of Ann Arbor people signed complaints against Harvey. The group included Dr. Ed Pierce, former city councilman and hip physician, and Prof. Nicholas Kazarinoff, third ward councilman and law professor.

Pierce was arrested on South U but was later released.

The investigators need witnesses to confirm cases of false arrest, a civil charge, which can be extended to the criminal charge of "conspiring to deny civil rights."

Robert Galardi, Vietnam veteran, was dragged from a house by Harvey henchmen. But investigators don't yet have enough information on the Galardi case.

"It's a must that we get a fool-proof case before we get an indictment," one investigator said. "We can't have conflicting reports from witnesses."

Andy Barbas, Michigan Daily executive sports editor is considering filing a criminal

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A CASE OF IDENTITY

[Continued from page 7]

not do that and I told them."

Love's mildly militant reading list—which included King, Cleaver, Brown and Baldwin—was okayed.

Most of his students had sixth-through-eighth grade reading levels. "But they read all these books. And just by these books being there, they became real politically conscious," he says.

Love's classes were often student-led and focused on the reading list. No one complained until the Afro Club for which Love became faculty advisor, sponsored a Malcolm X Day accenting black culture and black literature.

"The school had a David Eisenhower Day, too, but they told me this Malcolm thing was off base. Well, we went ahead, but the shit started coming down."

Paul Maynard, head counselor, began spying on Love's classes and turning in regular reports to Gilford R. Johnson, school superintendent.

When fighting broke out between white and black students June 9 after Ronald August was acquitted in the Algiers Motel Case, Cassidy Lake was in crisis.

Who would be punished—the whites (who had taunted the blacks) or the blacks (who had started throwing punches)?

Johnson answered by sending three blacks back to Jackson June 10. Johnson recommended the three get a 15-month bonus on their sentences. They got a year.

To protest this, the Afro Club staged a hunger strike. Club leaders told Johnson they wouldn't eat until he discussed disciplinary procedures.

Johnson stopped that by ordering in a riot squad June 12 to escort 19 more blacks back to Jackson—all members of the Afro Club.

Johnson panicked at the Afro's symbolic rebellion and telephoned the Waterloo Prison Camp that students were rioting at Cassidy Lake.

Waterloo's riot squad arrived with chemical Mace and loaded shotguns.

Johnson had tricked the 19 Afro members into his office by telling each he was willing to talk to them. The guerilla crew handcuffed and loaded them on buses—without any explanation from Johnson.

There was no violence leading up to or during the transfers of June 12.

"We were just removing the troublemakers from our school," Johnson said in a public statement the next day. He refused to elaborate.

Departure of the 19, in the best despotic tradition, was similar to another Cassidy Lake transfer in March of this year.



James Robinson, a junior University of Michigan student up on a narcotics charge, was hustled to Camp Baraga after he questioned Johnson's policies.

Robinson, editor of the student newspaper, asked Johnson why so few blacks (30 per cent) were okayed for the *studies-pass* program which sends advanced students from Cassidy Lake to Washtenaw Community College and other junior colleges.

Johnson ordered Robinson from his office.

Undaunted, Robinson sent off a letter to Gus Harrison, chairman of the State Board of Corrections—after first getting approval from Maynard.

Harrison shipped the letter back to Johnson. And in two days, Robinson was at Camp Baraga, a year tacked on to his sentence. "Baraga is a slave labor camp—and you can quote me on that," says Al Smith, ex-faculty advisor to the paper. "It's an old lumber camp and the guys get 20 cents a day for inhuman work."

Smith and Love were both fired this spring after becoming embroiled in the separate transfers.

Smith protested Robinson's exile, first to Johnson and then to Harrison. But he didn't identify Robinson in his letters, fearing further retribution against Robinson.

Harrison sent an aide to Cassidy Lake and demanded Robinson's name from Smith. Smith asked that Robinson be furnished a lawyer first.

Johnson and the aide laughed. Smith remained silent.

The next day Johnson told Smith his contract would not be renewed at Cassidy Lake. Smith concurred, saying he wouldn't work for Johnson again anyway.

Love's intervention was more direct. Watching the shotgunned soldiers march off the 19 men, Love demanded that Maynard denounce Johnson's treachery.

When Maynard only grinned back, Love called him a "punk motherfucker."

Maynard later told Johnson Love had threatened his life but confessed his "exaggeration" during Love's appeal hearing.

Unlike previous firings of "militant" teachers at Cassidy Lake, Johnson this time picked on two teachers who had been hired officially by the Chelsea Board of Education.

Most Cassidy Lake teachers are hired directly by the state. But Love and Smith were two of three Chelsea teachers on the staff, an arrangement worked out because Cassidy Lake falls within Chelsea's school district.

Smith has five years of tenure in the Chelsea school system and just moved to Chelsea High School—on the condition his Cassidy Lake record be cleared.

"I'm gonna stick around and keep an eye on Johnson," he says.

Love did not have tenure.

He waged a two-night appeal before the school board but lost. Johnson accused Love of (1) causing unrest and (2) filing late teacher reports.

The second charge was based on a single instance and was never an issue. The first was based on the Malcolm X Day activities and classroom teachings—both of which had been approved, even if reluctantly.

"It was an open-and-shut case," said one school board member afterward. "We didn't know what the hell had gone on. But we were in a position where we had to support Johnson."

The school board did decide to withdraw its other teacher from Cassidy Lake to prevent further clashes.

In his summation before the board, Johnson pleaded plaintively, "You must understand me. I was willing to go along with a guy who certainly had a questionable record—having been in prison himself. I was willing to give him a chance. I just don't understand how he could do this."

Relatives of the transferred men, attending the appeal meeting, hissed violently.

The same group of 60 people travelled three times to Harrison's office in Lansing after Johnson had rebuffed their efforts to see him.

The first time Harrison commanded Johnson to see the group—which he did by standing on the porch of his logcabin and explaining, "I have nothing to say to you."

The group went to Harrison again, accompanied by Sen. James Del Rio (D-Detroit), wanting Johnson's resignation and guarantees that the transferred men would not receive added sentences.

Harrison mollified them by agreeing to the latter in writing.

Two weeks ago the group discovered Lambert Pierce, one of the 19, was being held in Jackson for an additional 10 months although his prison term expired June 20. None of Pierce's relatives had joined the group and the doublecross had gone unnoticed.

Back in Harrison's office again July 18, the group watched grimly as Harrison nervously telephoned Jackson and ordered Pierce's release.

"We want that school investigated," shouts Mrs. Mavis Watkins, group leader. "And we're not gonna stop until we get it."

Sen. Basil Brown (D-Detroit) has joined Del Rio in the state senate demanding a probe. But thus far nothing has happened.

"If they ever do look into Cassidy Lake, they'll find a whole list of sordid things," says Smith, "like homosexual rapes which the administration tries to keep hushed up."

Thomas Pitton, a former Highland Park policeman convicted of burglary and now at Cassidy Lake, has also spoken out against Johnson:

"We are basically scared little people who wouldn't be here in the first place if we didn't need help. After we get a taste of prison, of its hypocrisy and its dehumanizing effect, it is no wonder that such an alarming number of us return to crime."

"How can we be expected to become good citizens when this is not the purpose here as it is actually practiced."

"I'm going to tell the truth about Cassidy Lake until they find a way to silence me."

Pitton's examples of racism at the school included a homosexual attack by a white teacher on a black student and a white student knifing a black student.

In both cases, according to Pitton, no action was taken. Johnson has refused comment.

Love is now living in Ann Arbor and working as a summer youth counselor for the Office of Economic Opportunity in Ypsilanti.

"I felt like I was a political prisoner when I was in jail, you know," he says. "But now I got a college degree and all that shit, and I'm still being hassled."

"I don't know what's gonna happen."

He doesn't have a job for the fall.



Argus, Page 11

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Sinclair...

[Continued from page 3]

issues. We should have gone by the old legal premise of never convening the jury on a Friday afternoon."

The jury went out at 2:40 p.m., and returned at 3:50 p.m. Exactly one hour and ten minutes to talk about the issues.

The most pressing issue that re-emerges with John's trial is the incredibly frustrating composition of juries. The only way a jury member judging present political trials can be considered a "peer" to the defendant is that both urinate. There are exceptions, like the Oakland 7, but nothing to rely on. The Revolution ain't gonna come tomorrow, and in the meantime our brothers and sisters are being incarcerated in The Man's dungeons. We've got to get dope-smokers, motherfuckers, anarchists, Viet Cong, rock 'n' roll bands, street people, draft-dodgers, motorcycle gangs, and young working class blacks and whites on the juries. We've got to start hanging juries, drowning juries, cremating them. We've got to start tearing apart the legal system from within.

There's only one way. Register to vote. That's where the jury duty lists are chosen from. We've got to try and rescue our brothers and sisters from the clutches of hoary old men and broads. REGISTER NOW, or as soon as you can. Help keep other John Sinclairs from being victimized.



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HEAD

RADICALS AND RACISM IN ENGLAND

By John Gerassi

LONDON[LNS]—There's not much of a left in England, but whatever there is, if it's old, it's well organized. A recent rally at the Round House, in London's Chalk Farm district, makes the point. The rally, set up by the Anti-Apartheid Movement, featured speakers from liberation fronts of southern Africa: FRELIMO [Mozambique], ZAPU [Zimbabwe], SWAPO [South West Africa], ANC [South Africa], and Amilcar Cabral's PAIGC [Guinea-Bissau]. It was chaired by Ronald Segal, the South African writer best known to American audiences for his "America's Receding Future." The Round House was packed [about 1,500 people], literature tables were crowded, ushers were courteous, and the schedule was tightly kept. Thus, few people knew that a confrontation was in the making outside.

By the time they learned about it, it was over. What had happened was that 50 members of the right-wing extremist National Front, armed with placards saying "Keep Britain White" and "Support Rhodesia" had tried to barge into the Round House and disturb the meeting. Instead, they were immediately and efficaciously blocked by 100 "stewards," mostly members of the Anti-Apartheid Movement, which is a Communist Party front organization. Frustrated by their direct approach, the National Fronters then decided to come into the Round House to "get in out of the rain." That tactic worked and a handful were politely invited to come into the foyer. Each NE-er was then immediately surrounded by 20-odd stewards who said nothing but moved agilely along with the racists. They then quickly gave up and departed.

At about the same time, down in Trafalgar Square, a Black Power rally was supposed to commemorate the same day: South Africa Freedom Day. This time the organization was new left, and, unfortunately, it showed. In the first place, the rally was over an hour late in starting. Next, none of the 200 people who came could hear the fill-in speakers anyway. And in the audience, the moderate Universal Coloured People's Association was busily distributing leaflets against the Black Power Party. Within a few minutes the crowd disintegrated into knots of arguing participants. Then the rain hit and everybody went home.

JOIN THE ARMY—LEARN A TRADE

PORTLAND, ORE. [FRED/LNS]—A bellhop watched in amazement last week as three men in dark suits snatched a man from the eighth floor of Portland's Roosevelt Hotel, hustled him into a waiting car, put a bag over his head, and sped away. The abducted man later returned unharmed and explained that it was only a prank by some fraternity brothers. In the meantime, Portland police had searched the room and found out that the man was a lieutenant in Army Intelligence. Police then checked with the FBI who ran the story down. It turned out to be nothing more than a classified mission to train army intelligence units in the abduction of civilians.

COLONIALISM, TEXAS STYLE

Portugal has granted a diamond concession in western Angola to an affiliate of Diversa, Inc. of Dallas, Texas. What's so special about that? Only that by decree of the Portuguese government, Diversa has been awarded exclusive diamond prospecting and exploration rights over more than 10,000 square miles of Angolan territory for an initial period of 35 years. Diversa will own 98% of the new Angolan enterprise. When Gerald C. Mann, president of Diversa flew to Lisbon a year ago, he filed an application asking for oil exploration rights as well.

Compiled from LNS and Underground Wire Services



GREEK-AMERICANS SAY NO TO JUNTA

NEW YORK [LNS]—Every year in the recent past, hundreds of elderly Greek-Americans have retired on social security and returned to their homeland.

Last year, however, only 12 Greek-Americans retiring on social security decided to return to Greece, reports Demokratia newsletter. Demokratia sees this as "ample evidence of the lack of support for the military junta by the Greek-American masses, although the official Greek communities in the U.S., the Greek-language press and the Greek Church support and glorify the junta."

AS AMERICAN AS A&P

Operating under a local option system, 15 of Nevada's 17 counties have legalized prostitution. [In one town where the citizens complained because the house was next to a school, they moved the school.]

J.C. Muyres, top Internal Revenue Service man in the area, says the federal tax men keep a close watch on the operation. "It's a real challenge for our agents," he said. "I don't know of any that accept credit cards—although that's not too far fetched. Some of the houses give green stamps."

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT?

CHICAGO [FRED/LNS]—In a recent Chicago radio interview, consumer crusader Ralph Nader charged the processed foods industry with "billion-dollar looting." Nader pointed out that fat content of processed meats has risen from 18% to 38% in the past 10 years, that the average frankfurter is made up of 33% fat, 10 to 15% cereal or other binders, 10 to 15% water, and the rest substandard meat, and that a quarter of Illinois hot dogs are now polluted with rodent remains.

SLOW DEATH OF WEST VIRGINIA: WAR COMES HOME

CHARLESTON, W.Va. [LNS]—One of the nation's first grassroots stop-the-draft movements began in the small town of Beallsville, Ohio, on the West Virginia border. Rapidly, its population between the ages of 18 and 25 was being wiped out—in Vietnam. Several citizens of the community of 1000 petitioned their congressman to ask the Defense Department to stop drafting the young people of Beallsville.

"We cannot make exceptions," they said.

And the movement spread over the border into West Virginia, one of the poorest states in the nation, and the state with the highest Vietnam fatality rate. A state-by-state tally released by the Defense Dept. in June placed West Virginia dead as of March 31, at 426. That is a mortality rate of 24 men per 100,000 population.

The national average is 17 per 100,000. If other states were sustaining the same rate of casualties as W. Va., the number of Vietnam dead nationally would be not 36,000 but over 50,000. West Virginia's death rate is 68% higher than the national average; southern and western states with large Indian and Mexican-American populations have high death rates as well.

Some West Virginia residents have gotten a petition together, calling on the government to halt recruitment, drafting and induction of West Virginians into the Armed Forces. They demand that all West Virginian servicemen now stationed in Vietnam be returned to the U.S. within 90 days; they want the federal government to pay the State 100 million dollars in damages for the men lost in an unconstitutional war, plus a \$10,000 indemnity to the family of every dead man.

Finally, the West Virginians are demanding that a special congressional inquiry be started to "determine why West Virginia and a few other states must pay a far higher price in blood for the "privilege of freedom" than most states.





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Son House, Booker White,
Skip James, Big Joe Williams - FTS 3010 - Living Legends
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Tribe

[Continued from page 16]

people came out against guns."

"Not exactly true" said one wild-eyed tribe member, producing a Walther P-38 from near at hand. "Most of us love violence, although there's some of us that are pacifists. The one thing that links us all together is that we're lunatics."

"Yeah, armed lunatics" came an echo from a corner of the meeting. For some reason Hitchcock decided not to buy the paper and Leary slipped off for some private meditation in his Palm Springs retreat.

In the next development, Max agreed to sell the Barb to the staff but he did it behind a contract something like a foxy scrouge would offer up to a dull-witted office boy. The technicalities in the contract-security clause-personal liability document were an invitation to failure and suicide.

To show his complete confidence and trust in the proceedings, Max then had the lock changed on the office door. We refused the contract and occupied the office, leaving only after establishing with Max's lawyer that negotiations would begin at 10:00 the next morning.

Negotiation time rolled around and we were once again met with locked doors at the office. That really wasn't necessary seeing as how Max had split with his 'personal effects' [type-setting equipment, all the copy and the files] during the night.

Fuck that shit and the Tribe struck, putting in motion the plan to come out with "Barb On Strike." That weekend two papers hit the streets, ours and one by Max—sex ads, want ads and a center-spread rap by, and about himself: lovable, misunderstood Max—one of the first victims of the revolutions.

Immediate and enormous community support surged behind the Barb On Strike—the people had been waiting. Max groped blindly, trying at one point to sell to the Wall Street Journal.

The Barb finally sold to the peace-love and good vibes asses from the old "Berkeley Fascist." The Barb came out with a front page editorial on the "New Revolution"—smile a lot at the pigs. Two small articles on the Panthers were buried on a back page next to an ad depicting a black woman, some sort of tricky halter pushing her tits out into the page. "Tired of the same old shit," the ad began, "try a black, brown or oriental chick." Smart dudes they are.

The new Barb made Max sick. He liked the Berkeley Tribe, our new paper that appeared the same week as the "Fascist's Barb." Max explained it this way: "Do you know the Lord of the Rings? Well, I had

the ring—trying to guard it from the powers of darkness. I knew it and the Prince of Darkness caught it." He offered to give us the Barb for free.

Late last Friday, court proceedings awarded the Barb to the 'Fascists' for at least two more weeks. If you go down to the Barb office during the day you'll find a bunch of Kelly Girls taking care of business in the shadow of a day-glo Buddha. If you go down at night you'll find Burns Guards with .357 Magnums occupying the premises.

The Tribe has gotten itself together; another killer issue will be out this week—no bullshit, no schuck ads, just straight revolution from a family who lives it. As for Max, it's hard to say—things are getting better. But as for the 'Fascists' in the Barb office, they better put out a lot of good vibes and watch their asses because power to the people is becoming a concrete reality.

Tom Nixon
White Panther Party SF/
Red Mountain Tribe



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Saturday • August 2

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Clearwater Revival • Crazy World
of Arthur Brown • Tim Buckley •
B. B. King • Butterfield Blues
Band • Byrds • Hugh Masekela •
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Sunday • August 3

From Noon
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1-6

Abortions

[Continued from page 5]

Hillabrand would not comment on how many of these women had later died because of the strain of childbirth.

Hillabrand's philosophy is representative of an entrenched faction of the American Medical Association. But this faction is now a distinct minority.

Many abortion law reformists are especially concerned with the unmarried mother-to-be.

Michigan has over 10,000 illegitimate births each year—40 percent to girls under 17.

"A 15-year-old girl must proceed and fulfill her pregnancy according to law," stresses Rosalind Wood, director of Florence Crittendon Home in Jackson.

"The law also says that 15 is beneath the age of consent... that a 15-year-old isn't responsible for her actions.

"And yet the logical result of sexual union is pregnancy, for which the 15-year-old girl must bear full responsibility. This seems a little contradictory."

Michigan's penal code reflects a deep legal prejudice against those who disobey Puritanical sexual mores.

Section 750.34 defines immoral advertising as "...an advertisement of the treating or curing of venereal disease... [or advertising] as a specialist in diseases of the sexual organs, or disease covered by sexual vice, self abuse... or any means whereby sexual diseases of men and women may be cured or relieved... or miscarriage or abortion produced."

The penalty, a misdemeanor, carries a year in jail or a \$500 fine.

Federal postal regulations are even more restrictive. They forbid mailing any information on abortion, or even birth control!

Although extremely postdated, these postal regulations are still enforced sometimes—often against underground papers or radical educational organizations.

Anachronistic laws like these, though, indicate an imposing distance between them and legal abortions. In between lies an escalating number of mothers-to-be who suffer through illegal abortions.

"Twentieth-century society will have overcome a major social and medical handicap when the last criminal abortion takes place in the United States," states Pat Maginnis. She is a San Francisco lawyer who is pioneering a movement to approve abortions on demand and who has given lessons [only to women] on how to induce abortion.

"In order to achieve this victory women themselves must collectively demand proper abortion care," she continues.

"It is women who must demand respect for privacy, self-determination and freedom from economic, social and racial discrimination. It is women who must demand the removal of all forms of coercion: legal, medical, social and psychological, in this concern of such intimate consequence to us."

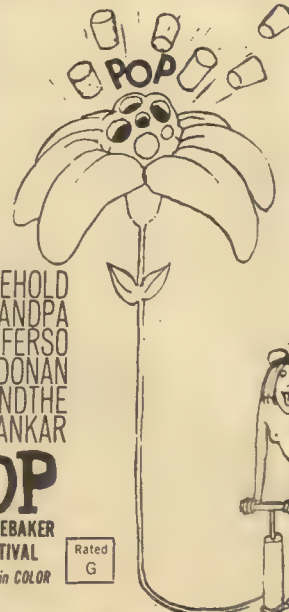
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Blues Festival Program

RIGHT ON

Although its form is unyielding and its words old, the blues has an ability to express the range of human emotions in the most comprehensible way.

We are all touched by blues music. Even Richard Nixon testifies on behalf of Duke Ellington at a big White House dinner. Not so many years ago one of Ellington's bandmen, Paul Gonsalves, caused a near riot at Newport by playing a phenomenal number of choruses in a row on his tenor saxophone.

Kids battled cops for hours in Denver to get inside to hear Jimi Hendrix, who learned music by listening to B.B. King and other great bluesmen.

And so on.

The lesson is clear. We can never stop learning from the blues. The music energized us. It gives us a charge, a buzz, and an overwhelming need to hear more of it.

People who are aware of the roots of all popular music will thrill when they read the lineup for this weekend's concerts. Those who have not had as much opportunity to listen in the past will thrill when the first notes hit their ears on Friday evening.

The bluesmen coming to Ann Arbor represent the different styles of blues, from virtuosity to sensuality, in their original forms.

B. B. King is coming, as are Howlin' Wolf and the mysterious Son House, to mention three of over 20 luminaries.

One of the bonuses of the festival is that these artists find it almost impossible to give a bad performance. They are all professionals in the truest sense of the word. [While Janis Joplin can be lackadaisical on stage, Big Mama Thornton, her greatest influence, cannot.]

In the plainest language, this one can't miss. It's bound to make you feel good.

Meanwhile, festival sponsors have arranged for camping space right next to the festival field, Fuller Flatlands.

The Ann Arbor cops are noncommittal about their plans to protect you from yourselves during the three-day festival, but it looks as though drinking and dope-smoking done on any scale will be punished. [This is not to advocate abstention, of course, only to urge caution.]

With this issue, Argus initiates a new format.

In the future, half the paper will deal with revolutionary politics and related happenings; the other half, with revolutionary culture.

Clearly, the distinction will not always be easy since our politics are an energized manifestation of our highly-charged culture, and are consequently closely linked.

However, the expanded format makes it possible to print more interviews (watch for pieces on the Stooges and the 5), record and book reviews, and more thorough and thoughtful coverage of the cultural explosion.

Tentative plans call for roughly fifty local oinkers to "police" the grounds at least during the first night.

Ann Arbor chief Walter Krasny hints that he may cut that number if the first night is "calm."

Meanwhile, Krasny is negotiating with festival promoters for pay for his men. This is called ransom.

Of course there is no reason that Krasny's men should get as much for attending the festival as B.B. King will get. There is no reason they should attend at all, since local record stores stock plenty of Manto-vani and Herb Alpert records.

Enough said. Welcome to the blues festival! Have a ball!!!!

photo credits: cover, robert sheffield; p.5, patrick murphy; pps. 7, 8-9, 11, 16, thomas r. copi.

thanx and a tip of the hat to writers louise berndt, pat o'donohue, danny er-lewine, thomas r. copi, and to the helping hands of rhonda [my wife], and to ned shure who is the boss at ned's book service in ypsilanti where there is also a large selection of records and tapes.

-W. Rexford Benoit

program

Rooms available at South Quad. \$4.50 a night.

Camping available at Festival Field. Free

Photos—upper left, Fred McDowell. Lower left, Junior Wells. Middle right, Son House.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Sykes - 6:15-6:46

Fred McDowell - 6:45-7:30

J.B. Hutto - 7:30-8:15

Jimmy Dawkins - 8:15-9:00

Junior Wells - 9:00-9:45

B.B. King - 9:45-10:30

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Workshops, Jams

SATURDAY NIGHT

Sleepy John Estes - 6:00-6:45

Luther Allison - 7:00-7:45

Clifton Chenier - 8:00-8:45

Otis Rush - 9:00-9:45

Howlin' Wolf - 10:00-10:45

Muddy Waters - 11:00-11:45

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Arthur Crudup - 11:15-11:45

Jimmy Dawkins - 11:45-12:30

Roosevelt Sykes - 12:30-1:15

Luther Allison - 1:15-2:00

Big Joe Williams - 2:00-2:45

Magic Sam - 2:45-3:30

Big Mama Thornton - 3:30-4:15

Freddie King - 4:15-5:00

SUNDAY NIGHT

Sam Lay - 6:00-6:45

T-Bone - 6:45-7:30

Son House - 7:30-8:15

Memphis Charlie - 8:15-9:00

Lightnin' - 9:00-10:30

James Cotton - 9:45-10:30



killer blues

a his/tory by John Sinclair

It's killer hard to write about the blues, as it's hard to write about any music, but more so for the blues. Blues developed as the cultural expression of a dispossessed people, slaves ripped off from their own culture and forced to live and work in a totally alien culture, one that was considerably more than just hostile to their own. Blues was the cultural expression of an illiterate people struggling with a language that was totally alien to their mouths and minds, but the only language they had in common with each other [coming from so many disparate tribes in Africa] and with the oppressor, who was, after all, the object of their speech, and increasingly, the subject as well.

Blues was never meant to be written about. Blues was there to be sung, played and felt. Blues was the articulation of a people's consciousness just as this writing in process here is the articulation of a current people's consciousness. More simply put, blues was the formal speech of that people, and the musicians served as the teachers and carriers of the culture from generation to generation, just as in any illiterate culture. The bluesmen, for the black Africans enslaved in America, served the same cultural purpose as Homer and Hesiod did in pre-literate Greece. The musicians were the teachers and codifiers, prime men of their culture, and the music was not to be taken lightly—it was simply the formal literature of the blacks, born out of their struggle with the white man, with the land, with the terrible brokenness of their families and tribes, with the alien tongue of the white man in their mouths.

This is important, because we Westerners have been given music as a luxury, and a specious luxury at that. In a capitalist society the living arts are despised, as LeRoi Jones once put it, and at any rate are nothing to commerce and industry, property and personal [material] gain. America's artists are despised and vilified, treated as criminals [as indeed we are as we are effective as artists in this decadent space], jailed and shot down in the streets, dragged into courts, tortured in jails, hounded and harassed all our lives by the 'responsible' citizens of commerce and trade whose culture is best typified by Ed Sullivan and Kate Smith, or Lawrence Welk and Liberace, or Van Cliburn, whoever, punk-ass Leonard Bernstein held up as the apotheosis of America's formal culture. Entertainment, as something you do on the weekends or after work at night home taking in all the vile pablum spewed out of the television set. Luxury. What You Could Do Without. No sense, these people in this culture have no sense of the immediacy of music, the quick feel of it, the way it can shape you life and take your life's shape as you give yourself to it every moment of your life, as a first term in that life.

Blues was like that, and is like that, for the people who live with it as a first term. That's why the blues is so strong, because people LIVE with it, breathe it, LIVE it that strong, and in the face of an almost absolute repression that will make you strong if you last or kill you if you don't get strong, just like that. People sleep with the blues at night, fuck the blues, smoke it, eat it, feel it around their chair. The blues is the expression of a living culture, an oppressed culture living consequently a high-intensity life, a high-energy living culture which feeds on the music as it does meat and feeds the music back into the living culture which feeds it back into the music, and each time the cycle repeats it gains in intensity and feeling, pushing people out of their heads completely and entirely into their living bodies. Whew! The killer self-charging and recharging energy cycle that moves people out of stasis [in ecstasy] and into pure motion.

This may all be too abstract, or whatever, but it's really worth saying even if none of us even understand it now. We will. Because we are going to have to know these things, that will make us strong. We are an oppressed people too, now, whether we like it or not, or whether or not we want to admit it. And though the peculiar quality or quantity of our oppression differs from that of the blues people the oppression is constant and will work to bring our culture closer to theirs, and will unite us in our common struggle against the common oppressor. And the music is what will bring us together finally, as we relate to the music of their culture and feed on it, and feed it back to them through their music. Dig the Temptations or Muddy Waters latest sides for that, or Jimi Hendrix and Buddy Miles and for that matter, Buddy Guy. We know the other equation well enough too—Canned Heat, Paul Butterfield, Fleetwood Mac, MCS, even the English dandies Clapton, Page, Beck, Alvin Lee, down the line, all rock and roll in fact is derived from and inspired by the blues and its modern forms, rhythm and blues and now soul.

Naming names is beside the point, though, although that act does make for easy reference. Too easy. The blues music and culture gave rise to our freaky culture,



gave root does increasingly recognize this blossom as its own. Blues people, or in the cities rhythm and blues people, are beginning to know us and that we are with them, strange as it seems, they been catchin hell from our daddies all their lives and here we are almost as crazy as them, or trying to be anyway, and just look what we 'could have been'. Shit, here we are, in all our crazy glory, and we wouldn't trade it for a goddamn thing. That black music has worked its blue magic on our ass, and we love it, even if we can't articulate it worth a shit. We love it, and take it home with us to bed, and fuck it and sleep with it and eat it and feel it inside us, twisting at our fucking guts to bring us out of our fathers' heads and into the world, weird as it is.

What I want to say is that the blues has developed into a bridge between the black culture that has inspired us, and the freaky white mother-country maniac culture we have developed out of that inspiration through tons of LSD and marijuana and into our current madness. A lot of us don't even know where we came from, culturally that is, but that is a condition of our oppression just as the first generations of blacks in Amerika didn't know where their culture came from either, it was just there with them, in them, OF them, and they played it out just as we do now. We will teach our generations, though, just as the current black generations are teaching their young about their sources. I mean there are people who live rock and roll who 'hate niggers,' they know that little about their own roots. But then there are people who hate their mothers. It doesn't do anyone any good to hate where they came from like that—the best thing is to dig it and see how it works, dig the process, so you can apply it wherever you can. Dig that.

I would likewise assume that the people who are reading this piece at this blues festival here in Ann Arbor, I would assume that we are at least getting hip to our roots and love it and want to get closer to it now. That's why we're here. Because there is no such thing as just relating to the music and not the sociology—the music IS the social order, and must be taken in like that, or you are blowing it. That's one thing that's so beautiful about the blues—the music is so much the life, and the life so much of the music, that it's still a whole thing where and when those conditions obtain. I mean Howlin Wolf is NOT at all separate from his music. Nor is Son House for that matter. Nor, for that matter, are the Rolling Stones, or the Tate Blues Band here in town.

I keep wanting to talk about two different things, but what I keep wanting to say is that they are NOT separate at all, but the same: the music itself, and its singular history; and the music as the expression of a fully-developed culture, that is, a culture developed as fully as its music is developed. And the other thing, that we are developing a culture that has as its most exciting aspect—outside of the culture itself—its commonness with the blues culture, in that our music at its best is a direct expression of the people who make the music, of their lives, and it shapes those lives, again, just as the lives shape the music. That is, our culture is a whole thing where and when those conditions obtain.

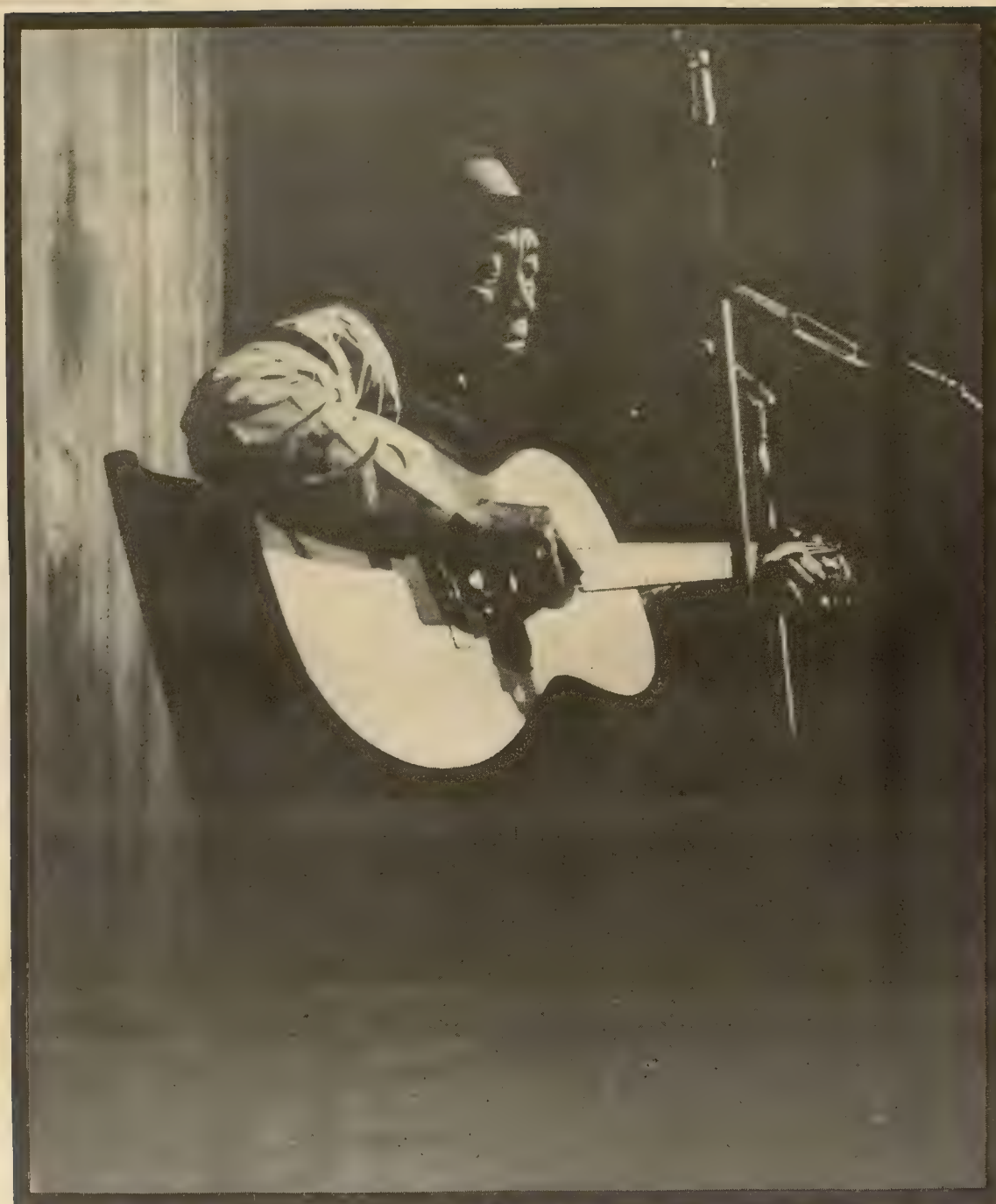
You can read the list of names for this festival, Jimmy Dawkins, BB King, Fred McDowell, J.B. Hutto, St. Louis Jimmy, Junior Wells, Luther Allison, Clifton Chenier, Sleepy John Estes, Roosevelt Sykes, Otis Rush, Muddy Waters, Howlin Wolf, Big Boy Crudup, Jig Mama

Willie Mae Thornton, Freddie King, James Cotton, Lightnin' Hopkins, Son House, Charley Musselwhite, T-Bone Walker, Sam Lay, but remember that for most of them this is not at all a listing of stars or whatever but a list of men and women who play the blues, get drunk, fight, gamble, get high, fuck, play the blues some more and live it like that, and the music is no big thing, as ART or something alienated from the lifeblood of the culture, but it IS the culture of these people, THE formal expression of their lives, and unless you can relate to it like that you are missing the fullness of the blues experience, you are missing exactly the quality that makes the blues The Blues; and that's really something too high-powered to miss out on.

You can come here and hear the music, or buy records and hear the music at home, so I won't talk about the music at all. You can hear it and feel it for yourself, and there's absolutely nothing I can tell you about that experience. You shouldn't even want me to tell you about that. And you can read bios and press releases and little stories on the Silver Screen model about the facts of the lives of these men, but that ain't it at all. Their lives refuse to be capsulated except in the music itself. Unlike a lot of white men and white musicians, there's a lot more to these men's lives than could ever be written down. They invent their lives, while too many of us live out lives that were invented for us, if not by any immediately recognizable person or thing [like a press agent or a screen magazine] then by some inanimate thing like television and the movies.

These men live their music full time. And the music isn't at all 'made up,' or anything like that. They MAKE the music, and the music makes them. There are exceptions, but the most vital of these blues people illustrate that condition perfectly. Son House, again, or Lightnin' Hopkins, T-Bone Walker, Sleepy John Estes, J.B. Hutto. Muddy Waters. John Lee Hooker. Who is Otis Rush? Why, he plays the blues, and Mike Bloomfield just produced his latest record. But that ain't it at all. I mean, there's more to it than that. While Eric Clapton or Jimmy Page were invented by their managers and their press agents, that's simple enough to see. Janis Joplin. Do you know what I mean?

I mean the blues is natural music, brothers and sisters, and we can relate to it just like that; we can relate to it like that, and we can learn a lot about ourselves and the world if we do. To talk about this music and these musicians in music business terminology is foolishness. It's only a matter of fact that Big Boy Crudup was a 'major influence' on the early Elvis Presley, or that St. Louis Jimmy wrote 'Coin Down Slow,' or that T-Bone Walker was the first popularizer of the electric guitar, or that B.B. King once played and sang with Count Basie's band but got tired of being so abstracted from the blues, or that Charley Musselwhite is a white boy from Memphis who hung out with the white young Chicago blues players and now has two Detroit boys in his band, or that Billy C. used to play with Sam Lay, or that James Cotton was Muddy Waters' harp player. These things don't serve to explain these men away. The blues is not Western art in any term, nor is it Western history, as some isolated sequence of events. The blues is a whole thing. Dig it like that, and get down in it. And it will take you from there, as far as you will go. If you are ready, it will take you where you have to go.



John S. Hurt **1892 - 1966** **'Sweet Candy Man'**

With undying love and respect for a very beautiful
man who made the world better simply by passing
through it.

Dick Waterman

Argus, Blues Program, Page 4

john estes

The problem with writing about blues players is one of finding the man underneath the legend. The story of John Adam Estes has especially been one clouded by layers of legend.

For years, students of jazz and folk music have been listening to Sleepy John Estes' records in awe of his unique singing style. They were often willing to pay premium prices for his old recordings on the Victor, Champion, Decca, and Bluebird labels at a time when the only serious attention paid to blues records was accorded to those that featured accompaniments by noted jazz artists.

When Big Bill Broonzy was interviewed by Yannic Bruynoght for the book *Big Bill's Blues* (Cassell, London), he recalled running away from home "about 1912" to work on the railroad just to hear John Estes howling the songs that eased the load of the sweating tracklaying gangs. Broonzy's reckoning of Estes' age would credit the singer with more than 90 years, and this was later "confirmed" by Big Joe Williams and other elder bluesmen.

When Big Joe Williams informed Robert Koester (who wrote the liner notes for the Delmark album "The Legend of Sleepy John Estes" DL - 603) that Estes was still living on the outskirts of Brownsville, Tennessee, Koester was naturally sceptical. No doubt, he says, "the improbability of Estes' being alive so many years after the alleged first brush with Broonzy kept folk researchers Sam Charters, Alan Lomax and Fred Ramsey, among others, from looking for him. Indeed, the legend was so strong that when the good news of the rediscovery of Sleepy John Estes was circulated, incredulous letters arrived at Delmark's offices from blues fans around the world. One English blues fan even registered his disbelief in print."

However, regardless of the disbelief, Sleepy John is still alive and besides playing at the Blues Festival, has done a series of records on the Delmark label. Estes was "born in Lowry County—Schooled in Windfield Lane," according to one of his own lyrics. He was born in 1904 which makes him 65 instead of 90. At an early age he lost the sight of his right eye when a friend threw a rock at him during a baseball game. In 1929 he teamed with mandolinist Yak Rachel and was playing on a Memphis street-corner when he was approached by a Victor talent scout and cut his first recording at the Hotel Peabody. Another session followed in 1930. The records were reasonably successful, but the depression brought location recording to an end.

A few years later Estes learned that two friends had recorded for the "new" Decca label. He hopped a freight to Chicago and recorded six sides that established him as one of Decca's most important country blues artists. After six years with Decca, Estes switched to Bluebird for his last shellac recordings in 1941. Besides his own vocals, he accompanied blues singers Charlie Pickett, Son Bonds, Lee Brown and teamed with Bonds to form the Delta Boys. Shellac rationing and the 1942-43 recording ban ended "race" recordings and Estes dropped out of sight.

In 1950 Sleepy John was living in Memphis when he lost the sight of his remaining eye. He moved back to Brownsville and married. He now has five children and was living in an abandoned share-croppers shack near him while photographing a documentary film "Citizen South—Citizen North." Blumenthal casually mentioned his find to Delmark records and Estes was brought to Chicago for an exploratory recording session via concerts at Westminster College, the University of Illinois and Purdue.

He went back to Brownsville after some personal appearances in the Chicago area, to return in a few weeks with his harmonica accompanist of some 30-odd years, Hammie Nixon.

Estes sings with a depth of feeling and emotional thrust that can only be described, as Big Bill Broonzy did, as "crying the blues." While singing, Estes recalls the personal experiences that are mirrored in his lyrics and the lyrics are usually of his own composition.

The sob in his throat is not a clever stage mannerism. His singing has all the honesty and straightforward integrity of the simple rural life he has lived. His compositions range from the usual man-woman stuff from which life and so many blues are made, and everyday events in Brownsville to a concern with world events and the cosmology of the universe.

luther allison

Luther Allison who appeared in Ann Arbor last April, is a little known Chicago bluesman who performs almost entirely at small Chicago clubs and has recorded for Delmark. He plays lead guitar and also accompanies other musicians on bass. Born in Mayflower, Arkansas, August 17, 1939, he moved to Chicago in 1952. His music reflects the influences of Albert King, Otis Rush, and B.B. King.



'BIG MAMA'

Willie Mae Thornton is generally referred to as the greatest female blues singer. Her performances combine the emotive force of country blues with the style and polish of such immortals as Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith. This six-foot, 300-pound woman captivates audiences with her powerful expressive vocals and imposing stage presence.

The daughter of an Alabama preacher, Willie Mae left home at 14 to tour with the Hot Harlem Review out of Atlanta, Georgia. She left the show in 1948 and settled in Houston where she absorbed the music of Lightnin' Hopkins, Lowell Fulson, Gatmouth Brown, and Junior Parker, whose harmonica style influenced her own. Big Mama released her first recordings as a featured singer with the Harlem Stars and in 1952 signed with Peacock. In 1953 she gained national recognition with the first recording of 'Hound Dog', the Leiber and Stoller song that Elvis Presley was to record a year later.

Big Mama moved to California in 1956 and now lives and works there with time off for festivals and tour around the country and in Europe. She broke up the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1964 and was a highlight of the 1965 American Folk Blues Festival tour of Europe. Janis Joplin has credited Big Mama as the main influence on her music and one of Joplin's biggest numbers, 'Ball and Chain', is a Big Mama original.

Live, accompanied by the Hound Dogs, Big Mama Thornton is fantastic. She taught herself to sing, play harp, and perform. The band is tight and composed of true professionals such as Pinetop of 'Pinetop's Boogie' fame on piano, and bassist Curtis Tillman who has been with Big Mama for fourteen years, but the show is Big Mama's and she's in command of everyone when she's on stage.

WILLIE MAE THORNTON



freddie king

"Like other bluesmen to come out of Memphis in the last 20 years, Freddie King has not made it big. In fact, King who belongs to a group of other Memphis singers—Gatemouth Moore, Johnny Ace, Roscoe Gordon, Jr. Parker, Little Milton and James Davis who have variously left musci, died or slipped into obscurity while struggling to make it musically."

Rolling Stone said this in their May 29 issue this year but he recently recorded an album for Atlantic's subsidiary label Cotillion and according to one local blues expert, is "one of the happiest bluesmen around." The album describes him as being "one of an elite group of performers who have been singing the blues ever since they were old enough to sing. Freddie, like his namesakes B.B. and Albert, is one of the pure exponents of the blues."

Freddie King was born in a small town called Gilmore, Texas. While he was still young his family moved to Chicago, where he became interested in and began playing guitar and the blues. In Chicago, King became firmly entrenched in the music. He began backing and playing with some of the greatest bluesmen around, Howlin' Wolf, Leadbelly, Muddy Waters and Sonny Boy Williamson. That was during the late 1940's and the early 50's. In 1959, King moved back to Texas, this time to Dallas, where he still lives with his wife and family.

When Cotillion signed King they arranged for King Curtis to produce him. Curtis decided that it was time to showcase King's voice, which had always been incidental to his guitar playing. Curtis had this to say about the move: "After hearing Freddie in a recording session it became obvious that his voice and his guitar were extremely compatible. That is the reason this album ('Freddie King is a Blues Master' SD 9004, Cotillion) had to be recorded. Freddie King had never had his true blues voice showcased before. This time his singing talents are brought to the front, without neglecting his guitar playing."

Curtis plays sax on the album and his songs, along with King's dominate. King has written "Hideaway" "Play it Cool" (his most recent single), "Funky" and "Wide Open" among others. According to Danny Elrewine his songs are "real funny" and everybody "will have a real good time listening to him at the festival."

lightnin' hopkins

Lightnin' Hopkins, "one of the elder bluesmen", was born Sam Hopkins March 15, 1912 the youngest of five.

In 1963 he was playing on the West coast at the Continental Club in Oakland, a big dance hall, and the Cabale in Berkely, at that time one of the best folk music clubs in Northern California.

Barbara Dane, a singer who had known Hopkins for a long time, had a shortlived night club venture through which she tried to bring the "real blues" to San Francisco's North Beach area. Hopkins was one of her star performers at this club, named "Sugar Hill."

Hopkins has been described as "one of the most creative and moving blues singers of this or any other decade." He is expert at improvising verses as he goes along. Many singers are likely to work their way into a piece slowly via a spoken narration that puts the song in context and his listeners in the mood while he simultaneously retunes his guitar or runs through a few chords. In the course of the song he is likely to add a measure or two to his choruses and "fool around" a bit with the beats between stanzas, thus squeezing a maximum duration from each selection.

When such a singer is placed before a microphone with bass and drums accompanying him, invariably such liberties with the structure confuse the accompanists, usually urban musicians accustomed to standard forms. In the "cited country blues" recordings of Hopkins, bass players can be frequently heard shifting their harmonic lines and drummers reversing the beat in their attempts to match the freer form of the soloists.

This is why country performers for the most part accompany themselves, usually on guitar, and as a consequence, the style is marked by wide diversity and structural deviations.

Hopkins employs stuttering and other vocal devices in his songs. A good example can be found in his long narrative introduction to "Mr. Charlie", (Candid label, 8010). Stuttering, ect., is a device used by preachers and bluesmen to convince an audience that they are trying to verbalize an emotion too big for words. It also serves a structural purpose since it delays the arrival of an important word in the phrase and/or note in the melodic line.

The blues artist, in telling his story, crystallizes and synthesizes not only his own experience but the experiences of his listeners. It is the intensity and conviction with which the story is spelled out, the way fragments of experience are pieced together, rather than the story itself which makes one bluesman better than another. Hopkins delivers his material directly with an important but subtle use of gestural or dramatic adornment. He has been around, so the deeds which validate the words are largely taken for granted.



• Arthur Crudup

• John Estes

Buddy Guy

• Son House

• J.B. Hutto

Skip James

Mance Lipscomb

• Fred Mc Dowell

• Junior Wells

Robert Pete Williams

The Blues [a unique American art form discovered in England during the 1960's] is conveniently serving as America's latest cultural hype.

When "the scene" passes on, the real thing will still be around, just as it always has been. Why not catch it sometime from the people who have really paid the dues.

• Appearing at Ann Arbor

Avalon Productions
1636 Lombard Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19146
Tel. [215] 545-6262

Dick Waterman

Argus, Blues Program, Page 6

james cotton

James Cotton is probably the world's second greatest harp player, Big Walter Horton being the kings.

Cotton learned the harp from Sonny Boy Williamson, who raised Cotton after he ran away from home, and honed his style with Muddy Waters for 12 years before striking out on his own.

And at present, many think Cotton's voice is just catching up with his ability on harp. Jimmy is sometimes uncertain with his voice, but sings all style of blues including primitive.

Jimmy's an innovator and a talent with one great asset—youth—on his side.

Some of the exuberance of his private life is creeping into his stage act, and Cotton is rapidly developing his own stage personality.

Friends of Jimmy's relate that he is very fond of Scotch whiskey, getting high in general, and additionally is a very fine cook. When Jimmy stayed in Ann Arbor last, he whipped up his famous Mississippi Special, sort of a stew, that knocked us right out.

Jimmy also sleeps, or at least did for awhile, in a garment resembling a nightshirt. Um-hummh.

muddy waters

Muddy Waters, like Howlin' Wolf, is a traditional blues artist. Muddy's roots are in the country blues, which he continues to play with a city band. A slide guitar player, he hasn't changed the structure or form of his music.

Muddy is an aggressive performer who was very much taken, as was Elmore James, by the legendary delta blues singer Robert Johnson. He plays his guitar in open tuning, country style like Son House.

Muddy has had some of the best sidemen in the business; Otis Spann, Little Walter, and Jimmy Cotton to name a few, plus countless drummers.

The Rolling Stones were greatly influenced by Muddy, and took their name from one of his songs, "I'm a Rolling Stone." The Cream tune, "Rollin' and Tumblin'" further shows his impact on white musicians. Muddy got it from Robert Johnson and made it one of his better numbers.



Muddy Waters



James Cotton

fred mcdowell

Everyone agrees that Fred McDowell was born in Rossville, Tennessee, a small town a little east of Memphis sometime in 1905. One legend has McDowell being orphaned at about age 13 and subsequently being shuttled from relative to relative in and around Mississippi learning to play guitar here and there and finally settling in Como in 1928.

According to a different account, McDowell farmed until he was 21, learning to play guitar in his late teens on borrowed instruments and performing in Memphis area bars and at local gatherings. He worked at various jobs and finally received his first guitar while employed by a dairy near Memphis about 1940 as a gift from a white Texan, a Mr. Taylor whom McDowell is said to remember affectionately. Shortly after this, McDowell moved to Como, Mississippi where he met and married his wife Annie Mae who has recorded with him on Testament. Such are the vagaries of legend but we do know that McDowell was married and working driving a tractor in Como when Alan Lomax first recorded him in 1958. Since then, McDowell has been recognized as one of the finest living practitioners of one of the oldest blues styles, Mississippi Delta bottleneck guitar.

McDowell claims he learned this style from an uncle who played with a dried and carved steak bone rather than a bottle, but he himself wears a bottle on the third finger of his chording hand, allowing him to play melody and rhythm with both hands. He sets his guitar in open tuning in E, E minor, or G and is noted for his subtle and varied instrumental and vocal renditions.

McDowell has recorded two albums for Arhoolie, and one for Testament. He has played many concerts and festivals, including the American Folk Festival of the Blues European tour, during which he was recorded accompanying Big Mama Thornton. His down-home style blues are so electric on their own that he does not seem out of place billed with such urban bluesmen as Muddy Waters and Otis Rush.

j. b. hutto

Joseph Benjamin Hutto was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on April 26, 1929. He moved to Chicago as a youth where he learned the guitar style of Elmore James. His raw vocals and bottleneck guitar played with a metal slide reflect Mississippi roots, but his sound is electric and urban.

Hutto first recorded 9 sides for Chance in 1954, only six of which have been released. Two of these sides were reissued on Blues Classics, Chicago Blues, The Early 50's. He disappeared in the mid 50's shortly after the Chance recordings, reappearing at Turner's a small southside bar in 1965. He then recorded on Vanguard's anthology, Chicago, The Blues Today, Vol. 1. and has since been released on Testament Records and his latest release is on Delmark Records, Hawk & Squat.

t-bone walker

When T-Bone Walker was 16, in 1929, he began his long recording career in Dallas, Texas. It happened when Columbia record company representatives visited the city with their portable recording equipment, and T-Bone's first record was "Oak-Cliff T-Bone"—the Oak Cliff referring to a section of Dallas that later received notice as the place where Lee Harvey Oswald's rooming house was located. Talk about neighborhoods going to the dogs!!!!

T-Bone remained a local Texas act until 1934, when he moved to Los Angeles, from where he became nationally known.

He is a witty performer, both on vocals and guitar, and uses each tastefully.

His influence is easily heard in the songs of B.B. King, and King readily credits T-Bone with being instructive.

T-Bone composes most of the music and words for the songs he performs today.

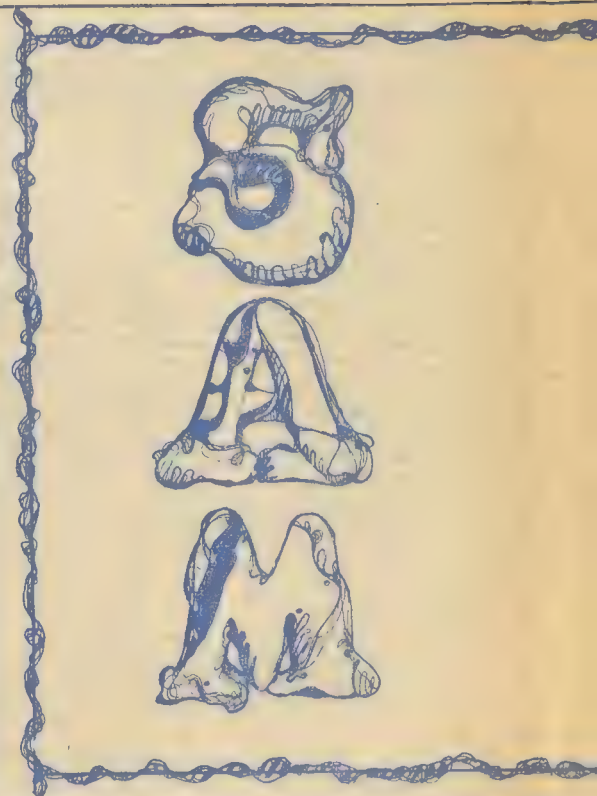
sam lay

Sam Lay, one of the best shuffle-drummers around, is a versatile, creative performer who just hasn't gotten the breaks he deserves. He's played with Bob Dylan [at Newport and on Dylan's album "Highway 61"], Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Butterfield and James Cotton. He's been trying to get a band together ever since he left the Cotton band but, as he puts it, has faced "any problem you could name."

Lay was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and came to Cleveland in 1954. He played with two groups in the Cleveland area and then came to Chicago where he played with Little Walter in 1960. He then played with Howlin' Wolf for six years. He left the Wolf when he took his band to Europe and formed a band with Butterfield. Lay was hospitalized during a gig with Butterfield in Boston and just gave up drumming for a while until Cotton talked him into picking up his sticks again.

Lay's style is unique. It's already been said above that he's one of the best shuffle-drummers in the business but that description doesn't quite cover his sound. When you listen to the old Butterfield records and then see Sam Lay, without Butterfield, you realize that most of Butterfield's sound has to be attributed to Lay's drumming. As Lay says, "my drummin' style is my own."

Sam says he wants to be able to make it by next summer...he'd like to be in the Newport Folk Festival again, this time with his own band. He's good enough to go anywhere—if he can just get a band together. He keeps trying and he should make it big pretty soon. Maybe exposure at the Festival will help—or at least prod all the producers who have been talking about recording him into actually performing some deeds. It sure would be nice.



[Editor's note: Sam Lay, a young drummer originally from Birmingham has played at the Chessmate in Detroit so many times that "I practically own the place." He's played with Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Butterfield, James Cotton and is now trying to put his own band together.

Lay is described by his harmonica player as "the best shuffle drummer in the business." He is one of the most expressive drummers around and if he ever gets the break he deserves. . .

He'll be playing in the Blues Festival so Argus went to the Chessmate to talk to him about this and that. Jeff Carp, who has some words to say, is Lay's harmonica player.]

Argus: I know you've played with Butterfield and Cotton. What other bands have you played with?

Lay: I played with Howlin' Wolf about six years, and Little Walter—I used to play with Little Walter. Howlin' Wolf is a very nice cat. . .he's always been very nice to me.

Argus: Where are you from?

Lay: You mean originally? Birmingham.

Argus: When did you come North?

Lay: In—I think it was 1954.

Argus: How old were you?

Lay: I really don't remember.

Argus: Where did you go?

Lay: To Cleveland. I started playing in Cleveland.

Argus: How old were you when you started playing?

Lay: About 21 or 22.

Argus: Why did you decide to become a musician?

Lay: It was just something I started doing. You know. . .I don't know what my reason was, I just started doing it. . .something to do, I guess.

Argus: How did you get into the Blues?

Lay: Oh, I've always liked the blues. . .and Country and western too, y'know, Bluegrass. . .and I learned to appreciate Folk Music when I went to Newport.

Argus: When was that?

Lay: '65, I think. . .I was with Butterfield.

Argus: Did you listen to any particular people and try to emulate their style? Who influenced your style or did you just develop your own?

Lay: Well, I got my own style of drummin'.

Argus: What about singing?

Jeff Carp: I think Sam's the best shuffle-drummer in the world.

Lay: As far as singing is concerned I think my idol is Muddy. I've always been crazy about Muddy well since I knew of him and when I was a kid my idol was John Lee Hooker, believe it or not, so from there I just learned to listen to different blues and I've come to like all of them.

Argus: What group did you start out with?

Lay: There was a group in Cleveland it was called "the Moondog Combo"—it was kind of a jazz group. The next group was down in Toledo and I named that group the "Thunderbirds."

Argus: When did you start playing with Little Walter?

Lay: I started playing with Little Walter I think in the year of uh, 1960, in the winter I came to Chicago in the winter of 1960 and I, uh, went to the place where Little Walter was playing and sat in and I started work the next night so I stayed with him up until in November of that same year and I left and went with Howlin' Wolf in November.

Argus: How did you happen to hook up with him?

Lay: Uh, his drummer was sick one night, you know and he called me from the West side. He was workin' on the Southside right on the corner from where Muddy Water lives now and I worked there one night and he just kept gettin in touch with me. . .thought I'd make a good drummer for his band cuz ya' see I was playing his kind of blues so I wound up with the Wolf for about 6 years.

Argus: How or why did you leave the Wolf?

Lay: I left Howlin' Wolf's band when he went overseas then me and Butterfield put a band together. . .we picked the musicians we worked around Big John's on the north side. We worked around there for quite awhile and then went to New York and worked around there and then I took sick in Boston. And that's the last time I worked with him. I had to go to the hospital and stayed quite awhile so during the time I was in the hospital I had to give up playing, you know, and I came out and stayed around for a few months and then Jimmy Cotton talked me into playing again.

Argus: And then after James Cotton you formed your own band?

Lay: Yeah, I been trying ever since. . .still trying.

Argus: What are some of the problems in forming a band? What have been your problems?

Lay: Any one you could name. The last band I had was the best. . .the one that recorded the album on Testament.

Argus: What happened to that band. . .did the members just split or what?

Jeff Carp: It's hard to keep work you know. You can't expect a man to stay where he's not working. We just weren't working, I don't know why. It seems like when you get a good band together that's the hardest part, that's the hardest time to get work. Me and Sam and our guitar player, Paul Esfield got together and it was just the most jam-up band. . .

Lay: It was. I never heard nothin' like it. . .even though I was in it, still never heard nothin' like it.

Jeff Carp: It was out of sight. And then as soon as you





get a good thing together nobody wants to hire you for some reason, I don't understand it you know the times you really think you're cooking' and then nobody wants to hire you. I was broke and had to go to California to play with Earl Hooker, and Paul went with me and Boots had to go play with Mitch Rider. . .

Lay: He was broke and had to go to California; I went to California and got broke!

Argus: What do you think about Ann Arbor's Blues Festival? Muddy Waters will be there and Howlin' Wolf . . . are you looking forward to that, being with all those people again?

Lay: Yeah, but it don't bother me, I'm just happy to be a part of what they're doin' too, you know, it's really a good feeling. I'm really looking forward to it cuz I've heard about it all over the country.

Argus: What do you think of playing in a festival situation as opposed to playing in clubs?

Lay: I love a festival a hundred percent.

Argus: Because the audiences are bigger or what?

Lay: I don't know, just seems like I'm wanted more or somethin' I don't know it just makes me feel I'm wanted more I don't know I just know it's the best feelin' I ever had.

Argus: A lot of performers mention special techniques they use to get an audience with them. Do you have any special techniques or songs that you use to get an audience with you?

Lay: I just lay the blues on 'em hard. If they don't come to me I reach out and get them but somebody's goin' somewhere, I know that. See, when you got a good back-up band like I got here you just got it made.

Argus: The blues seem to be getting more popular these days, they're being "re-discovered". . . is there any reason why?

Lay: Just speaking my opinion, as far as paving the way for blues where they never really was. . . I kinda of think Butterfield played a major part in pavin' the way. . . at least with the harmonica. . . but you can't take it away from the old times.

Carp: He brought it to the white kids.

Lay: Yea, that's what I mean.

Argus: Is there any special reason why people are ready now to listen to the blues?

Carp: Yea! The rest of the music is shitty.

Lay: Well, like I said, I'm really in love with music of all kinds; and the music that some people call Hillbilly. . . Well, I call it Bluegrass. And that's really my bag. But as far as I'm concerned all of its sounds the same, from Bluegrass to traditional blues; it just sounds different by certain people, y'know, but basically its all in by bag. . . and I even love to sing bluegrass—I play it and sing it both.

Argus: Do you ever sing it during a performance?

Lay: I have.

Argus: Who are some of your favorite artist, inside and outside your own field?

Lay: You mean recording artists? Well, just like I say Muddy's always been tops with me. I just dig Muddy Water's sound, you know, his voice and everything. . . he's got the best voice I ever heard.

Argus: You mentioned that you liked folk music. . . do you have any favorite "folk" artist?

Lay: I really like Bob Dylan. . . he's like Sly and Muddy . . . the word good can't describe him. . . I played with him in Newport and played on his album "Highway 61" . . . my name's not on it but I played on it.

Argus: What about artists outside of blues

Lay: You mean who's my favorite band? Well, I must tell you Sly and the Family Stone. They're the best there is as far as I'm concerned. I had a chance to work a show with them last summer at the Fillmore and I just never seen anything like it. They're just. . . the word good couldn't describe a band like that. . . I don't know how to class that band. . . I can't class nobody else with them cuz there's nobody else as good! Of course, Sly's in a different bag from what I'm in. A big sound is a big sound regardless of what type of music it is.

Argus: Have you ever had a desire to put together a group that size?

Lay: It would be nice—it would really be nice!

Argus: Do you think the blues would get across as well in a big band?

Lay: I've known one person to get 'em across—people like Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker—it gets across pretty good and it's just one on 'em. I got another favorite too that does it—you ever heard of Spider John Koerner?

Carp: In a small band everybody gets a chance to blow more, and the band feels small—it's tight. But it takes a real long time for a big band to feel small, and that's an objective. When a big band starts to feel small, you know it's getting good. You're not worried about who's going to come in when and you stop worrying about the charts.

Lay: Y'know, the type of music we're playing now, when they were first recorded it was maybe just one musician, just somebody sittin' up and playing a guitar, like Mississippi John Hurt. It's kind of hard to take traditional blues where one man recorded them and put a whole band behind them. . . it's like trying to turn a Model T Ford into a Boeing 707. But sometimes it comes through. Y'know a lot of the tunes that we do were originally recorded without a bass—some without drums. . . somebody just stomped their foot.

Argus: Have you been talking about recording with anybody?

Lay: There've been a lot of people talking about producing us. . . Frank Zappa's talked about it, but that's all anybody's been doin'. . . just talkin'.

Argus: Well thanks a lot.

Lay: Sure, see you in Ann Arbor. Going to stay and hear a set?



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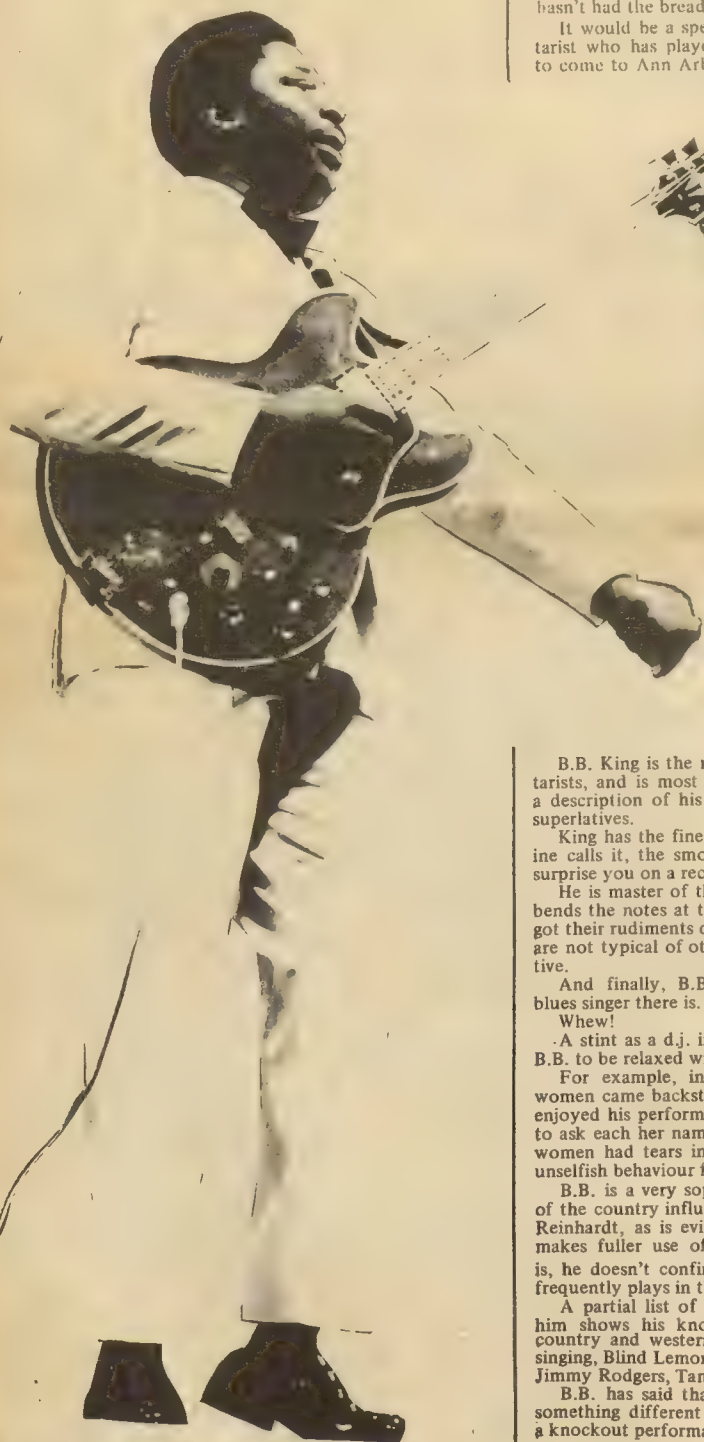
son house

Eddie or Eugene J. "Son" House Jr. is a Mississippi Delta blues singer compared by blues students with Robert Johnson and Charlie Paxton.

He was born in Lyons, Mississippi, 63 years ago, recorded for Paramount in 1930, and returned to Mississippi where Alan Lomax found him employed as a tractor driver in Robinsonville in 1942 and recorded him for the Library of Congress.

The next year he left Mississippi for Rochester, New York, where he worked as a porter on the New York Central Railroad, as a grill cook for Howard Johnson's and shaving dogs and cats for veterinary surgery.

Son House stopped playing blues in 1948 because people no longer enjoyed this music and remained in voluntary retirement until he was "rediscovered" in 1964. He has since recorded for Folkways and Columbia and appeared at many festivals and concerts. His vocals and bottleneck style played on a steel guitar are intensely personal and at times unintelligible, for Son House always seems to be playing for himself first, the audience second.



howlin' wolf

Howlin' Wolf sings primitive blues in lusty, rough, honest words.

Unlike B.B. King, who says he wants "to show people that a man can sing the blues and still be a gentleman," Howlin' Wolf just doesn't give a shit. He sings about screwing and pussy, for example.

Howlin' Wolf [Chester Burnett] is a huge man, well over six feet, who plays sitting down, and leans toward the crowd. When he played two years ago at the Chessmate club in Detroit, many youngsters in the audience thought he was a gorilla.

Howlin' Wolf is simple but effective on both the guitar and harp, but probably gets off better on the latter. He also does interesting things with his voice, producing a full-toned hum that resembles the sound of a harp.

MUSICIAN is the word to sum up Howlin' Wolf since he makes music on anything he picks up. He writes his own songs because, according to one local blues artist, "No-one else could write stuff like that."

Unlike Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf hasn't always had the best of sidemen. Those who have worked with him find him demanding. However, Howlin' Wolf hasn't yet received the acclaim he deserves, and consequently hasn't had the bread to hire crack sidemen.

It would be a special treat if Hubert Sumlin, the guitarist who has played on many records with him, were to come to Ann Arbor.



b. b. king

B.B. King is the most accomplished of the blues guitarists, and is most in tune of his colleagues. In fact, a description of his virtuosity has to be sprinkled with superlatives.

King has the finest attack, "uncanny" Danny Erlewine calls it, the smoothest phrasing, and is most apt to surprise you on a record.

He is master of the slurred note and uses vibrato and bends the notes at the same time. Clapton and Hendrix got their rudiments of tone from B.B. His guitar stylings are not typical of other artists' in that B.B. is not repetitive.

And finally, B.B. is frequently called the greatest blues singer there is.

Whew!

A stint as a d.j. in Memphis in 1949 probably helped B.B. to be relaxed with his audiences as he is.

For example, in Inkster in 1967, about a dozen women came backstage to tell B.B. how much they had enjoyed his performance that night. B.B. took the time to ask each her name, and kiss each on the mouth. The women had tears in their eyes as they left. Unusually unselfish behaviour for a big star.

B.B. is a very sophisticated guitarist with little trace of the country influence in his playing. He loves Django Reinhardt, as is evident in much of playing now, and makes fuller use of the instrument than many. That is, he doesn't confine himself to the minor scales, and frequently plays in the major.

A partial list of those King credits with influencing him shows his knowledge of all styles from jazz to country and western: Charlie Christian, Dr. Clayton's singing, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Leadbelly, Gene Autrey, Jimmy Rodgers, Tampa Red, and T-Bone Walker.

B.B. has said that "everytime I go on stage there's something different about the way I play," so look for a knockout performance.

arthur crudup

Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup left his home in Forest, Mississippi in the mid '30's and landed on the streets of Chicago, living in a packing crate under the 39th Street "L" and playing on street corners for tips and at parties for just a little more. At one of these parties he was recorded by Lester Melrose who then headed contracting for Okeh and RCA Bluebird.

When Crudup signed with Bluebird as a songwriter and "race" artist many now classic blues were first recorded, among them "Mean Old Frisco", "Dust My Broom", and "Hoodoo Man Blues".

Although Crudup was valuable as a songwriter and recorded on Chess and Fury as well as on Checker and Trumpet under assumed names, he could not make a living in Chicago and moved back south, appearing on the famous King Biscuit Flour radio Program from Helena, Arkansas and touring in a band with Elmore James and Sonny Boy Williamson for a while.

By 1960 Crudup had virtually vanished from the music scene, leaving his home in Franktown, Virginia, and his job managing itinerant workers only once to record for Fire label immediately before that company disbanded. Delmark signed Crudup in 1967 and he has since reappeared, performing for the first time in concert at the University of Chicago 1967 Rythm and Blues Festival and subsequently at other festivals and coffee houses. He recorded for Delmark in 1968 and has resumed a career in music.

Although Crudup is not a familiar name he is an important figure in blues. He was a primary influence on Elvis Presley and wrote many of Elvis's early hits including "That's Alright" and "My Baby Left Me." Crudup is noted for his compositions and his outstanding vocals, always billing himself as second guitar when appearing with a band of any size, but his guitar supplements and enhances his vocal proficiency.

otis rush

All you women out there in the crowd will probably fall for Otis Rush. He's not only good-looking, but has a fine, clear voice in the upper ranges.

Otis, like Jimmy Cotton, is also a young man and may appeal to you if others like Howlin' Wolf don't.

He was born in the South, and moved to Chicago in his mid-teens before he took up the guitar. Chicago introduced Rush to the guitar stylings of T-Bone Walker and B. B. King and young Otis, captivated, began his career.

Otis is unique in that he plays left-handed, holding the guitar backwards and upside down, but not reversing the strings to correspond to his left-handedness. Consequently, when he strums the guitar, he hits the treble strings rather than the bass first, producing strange chords.

Instead of pushing a string to slur a note, as most guitarists do, Otis pulls down on a string to bend the note to create another novel sound.

He is also a master of dynamics and makes skillful use of chord clusters in his solos.

All this contributes to his unique final sound.

Otis is also the composer of many fine instrumental numbers.

magic sam

Magic Sam, 32-years-old, learned to play the guitar by stretching strings tied to a nail in the wall of a barnhouse in central Mississippi.

Like Junior Wells and countless other bluesmen, Magic Sam moved to Chicago, and in 1951 attracted the attention of a gambler, Cadillac Jake, who later became a bluesman himself.

Magic Sam was diddling on his guitar in his backyard when Jake spotted him.

In 1955, Jake took Magic Sam to Muddy Waters. Muddy let Sam sit in, and the owner of the club hired Sam to follow Muddy's stint.

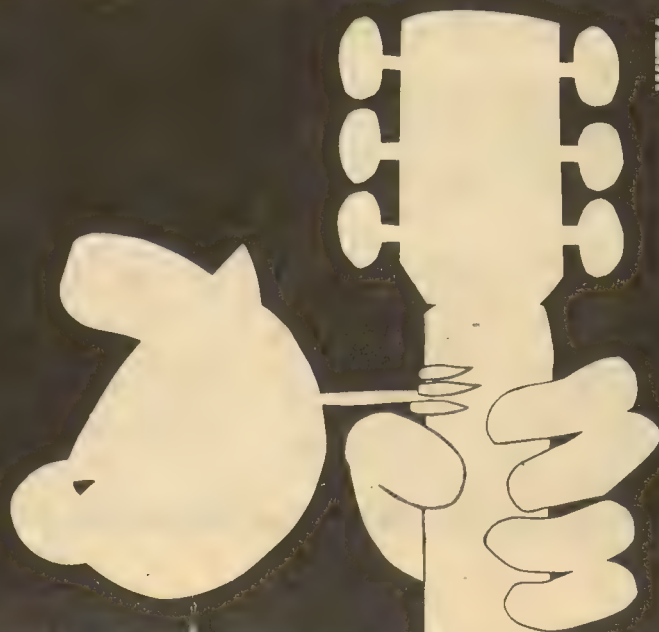
After a spell in the Army, Sam returned to work with Muddy and occasionally with Howlin' Wolf in the early 60's.

Magic Sam's most recent compositions are usually in the sixteen-bar frame, but it's still basic blues in chord structure.

Sam is particularly adept at judging the mood of his audiences and responding to that mood, and consequently generates a thoroughly good feeling at his performances.

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Art Show—Paintings and sculptures on trees, on grass, surrounded by the Hudson valley, will be displayed. Accomplished artists, "Ghetto" artists, and would-be artists will be glad to discuss their work, or the unspoiled splendor of the surroundings, or anything else that might be on your mind. If you're an artist, and you want to display, write for information.

Crafts Bazaar—If you like creative knickknacks and old junk you'll love roaming around our bazaar. You'll see imaginative leather, ceramic, bead, and silver creations, as well as Zodiac Charts, camp clothes, and worn out shoes.

Work Shops—If you like playing with beads, or improvising on a

guitar, or writing poetry, or molding clay, stop by one of our workshops and see what you can give and take.

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junior wells

Junior Wells was born near Memphis in 1934, to parents who farmed in Marion, Arkansas. This sort of information is always written down about musicians, but is in this case particularly relevant, since Memphis was a fertile area for the blues then. Howlin' Wolf, B.B. King, Little Buddy Doyle, Big Walter and others were there.

Little Junior Parker lived across the street from Junior and gave him some early lessons.

Wells went to Chicago in 1946, and by the late 1950's was working with Tampa Red, Johnny Jones and Sunnyland Slim.

Shortly after, Wells sat in with Muddy Waters and Little Walter, and when Little Walter left to become rich and famous, Muddy gave Wells a steady gig.

Wells got an unwelcome chance to do some woodshedding when he was drafted [um-hunh], and in fact recorded one session while AWOL.

When Junior returned from the Army in 1955, he moved right back into prominence and has been growing more and more prominent each year.

He has a straight forward and concise style on harp and vocals. Wells says Sonny Boy Williamson "was my teacher and he taught me well."

jim dawkins

Jimmy "Fast Fingers" Dawkins is a relatively young singer and guitarist who has worked with Johnny Young, Big Walter Horton, and "Memphis" Charley Musselwhite to name just a few.

Dawkins has yet to establish a wide reputation, but we hope Ann Arbor helps Jimmy to get off.

charley musselwhite

Charley Musselwhite is a young bluesman with both feet firmly in the traditional style of the music.

Musselwhite learned to play harp from Big Walter Horton in Chicago, and his current harp sound strongly reflects the influence of his teacher. Many people have heard Musselwhite, and he has cut many records, but he is still developing his vocal style and his stage act.

roosevelt sykes

Roosevelt Sykes was born in 1907 and began playing piano when he was 12. He started to record in 1929 and his piano style of the 30's has been copied by many pianists over the years. Sykes' adaptive style has helped him to move with the years. He made a hit of Robert Johnson's "Sweet Home Chicago" and is currently featured in club dates in New Orleans.

chenier

Clifton Chenier plays a type of music rarely heard outside of Louisiana-Texas Gulf Coast region. Zydeco music has been popular in this area for some time and is the dance music of the Cajun negroes.

This musical form evolved from the traditional French Cajun music during and after World War II, assimilating country and western, blues, rhythm and blues, and pop in general from radio and juke boxes. Also called "La La Music" or "French music", zydeco features accordion and drums, or accordion and washboard as its main instruments.

Chenier is a performing zydeco musician noted for his versatility within this idiom. He was born June 25, 1925 on a farm near Opelousas and has recorded accompanied by his Uncle Morris, on fiddle, a rare instrument in zydeco, and by his brother, Cleveland on washboard.

Chenier plays a piano type accordion rather than the more traditional German type allowing him to work in a variety of keys. Early influences evident from his style were Joe Liggins, and Lowell Fulson. Chenier has appeared at many blues festivals and toured with the American Folk Blues Festival in 1967.

joe williams

Big Joe Williams, guitarist and singer, was born in 1903 in Crawford, Mississippi, and toured with minstrels in his youth. Big Joe is famous for inventing the 9-string guitar, on which he is so skillful. He recorded first in the 30's.

Big Joe has played all the major Southern and Mid-western cities and worked with many name bluesmen, including Sonny Boy Williamson.

by Rüdnick/Frawley

Because it reaches quickly and repeatedly a mass audience with its message, music is the swiftest form for revolutionary change. When controlled on the radio by the fat pigs that own airwaves, it is chopped up and mushed into short, nice pretty pieces for packaging in a mindless, tasteless, restricting empty teat for the screaming worms who are serviced by the exploiters. Underground radio is surfacing through the world with the naive expressions and the joys of experimentation that typified the excitement, freedom and growth of the underground press. It doesn't take itself too seriously and reaches the new tribal communities not with old leftist dialectics and boring rapping but totally and completely with music.

The tragedy of radio is that it was abandoned as a creative media. The greed creeps who own the airwaves bend in supplication before the TV antennae and sentence radio to a dull, drugged, unconscious life. Radio should be the heartline of the community, and an immediate source of news, music and inspiration, but the death consciousness of capitalism rendered it an obsolete media, whose only reason to exist is to see products. Radio stations are a commodity owned and controlled by politicians, newspapers and holding corporations.

The Pacifica Foundation and college owned stations are generally the only exceptions to the profit oriented butchering of radio with the exception of Detroit's WABX-FM is striving to serve the new community. The Pacifica Foundation, which operates three listener-supported stations, is directed toward the liberal, intellectual community. The freshness, life and vitality of radio demands a responsibility to the people. But the commercial stations are blind to sincere community involvement. The corporations are so totally unconcerned with the life of this media and its importance to the community that many stations are all pretaped, with absolutely no live contact with the listeners.

The media must be responsive to the people. Being responsible to advertisers and stockholders, radio has a lifeless, unchallenged existence—a bland, formulaized state that affords no opportunity for creativity and denies the involvement of radio in contemporary culture. With the concern for programming, radio could be a springboard for new music, comedy, drama and thought, rather than being relegated to a graveyard.

showcase of Muzak, plastic rock, ugly commercials and right-wing rhetoric. Babylon has indeed developed mindless radio for the honkie housewife.

The so-called underground or "progressive rock" FM outlets are essentially Top-40 stations playing hit albums instead of hit singles. The disc jockey personality is low-energy, pseudo-hip, holier-than-Thou and as ignorant of the music and community as Billboard, Cashbox, and the New York Times.

Progressive Rock on these stations has evolved into nothing more than Rock Muzak. It is smooth, clean and tightly done by hard working tradesmen. It pretentiously draws from an impersonal, objective musical spectrum in a eclectic melange of modern classical, baroque, big band jazz, central European folk music, Indian sources and Frank Sinatra. But in its quest for professionalism, it lost the raunchy, subjective excitement and expression of rock and roll.

Those being heralded and hawked may With the exception of the Rolling Stones and a few others there seems to be a division between music that's really happening and music that is commercially exploitable.

be fine technical musicians [mechanics] but they are certainly not great innovators who reach beyond the known dimensions to reach new levels of personal expression. Pleasant but mediocre talents are elevated to positions of royalty in a battle of superlatives that conjure up labels like "Super Sessions." And the irony becomes clearer when they announce that "we're just a bunch of friends getting together." How absurd musical judgements when a New York Times critic says "I called Blood, Sweat and Tears the best band in the country, but I really believe them to be the best in the world."

Underground Press writers are often more outrageous in their statements. While they offer a positive alternative to the distorted establishment press, most underground papers and stations are colossal dupes of the major record companies [who often keep them financially afloat with advertising] as they continually talk about the heavily promoted groups while ignoring and refusing to recognize the talent in their own communities. The majority of music columns as well as radio stations recognize only popular records and shows at the Fillmore or the local ballrooms. Rather than getting off their ass and trying to seek the more valid sounds as should be their role, they wait for the music to come to them.



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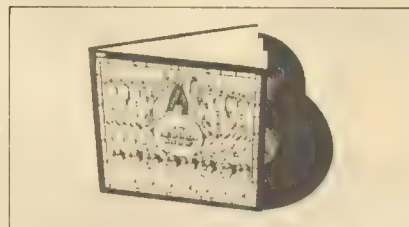
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Two records. Four sides. The very best of what these artists are currently and will be offering on Warner/Reprise (which means that a lot of the stuff on the album is, as of this writing, still unreleased — over a dozen tracks from upcoming Warner/Reprise albums).

Under normal conditions, this two-album set would sell for \$9.96.

But the artists in our *Record Show* are not normal artists. They want their new recordings heard. Widely. And to get that done, they are willing to give up all their royalties on this album. (Just as long as Warner/Reprise doesn't make anything either.)

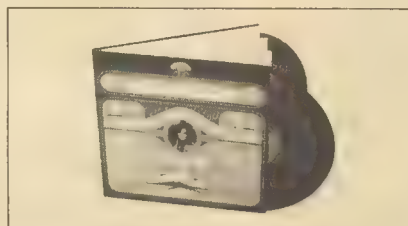
So here's the deal: *The 1969 Warner/Reprise Record Show* will only be sold by mail (no middle man). Warner/Reprise tosses in deluxe packaging. And you, the record buyer (who we fervently hope will be encouraged to pick up more of what you hear at regular retail prices) can get

a copy of *Record Show* for the below cost price of

TWO BUCKS

Actually, this is a promotion in which everybody wins. You get an extensive taste of new Hendrix, new Pentangle, new Jethro Tull, new Van Dyke Parks, new Randy Newman, etc. The artists on *Record Show*, and subsequently Warner/Reprise, win some new friends.

We know this is how it works because earlier this year we offered—a bit hesitantly—the first of these revolutionary albums. It was called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE
SONGBOOK

This was also a two dollar, two record set, with over 40 songs by 26 important artists (including the first U.S. release of Jimi Hendrix' "Red House," which subsequently turned up over the summer in his best-selling *Smash Hits* album).

Songbook began as just a nice thing to do for our friends. But the people who got ahold of it wrote in to tell us differently:

Really liked the records. Have since purchased The Pentangle's *Sweet Child* and The Everly Brothers' *Roots*. Kindly send me five order forms for friends. I hope you people do well. You seem fairly straight.

J.C.I.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

That was for *Songbook*. The *Record Show* is even finer, deluxer, and more provocative.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Frankly, we don't plan on selling more than a couple of thousand copies of *Record Show*. Mostly because this offer sounds too good to be true. And we know that naturally suspicious people will probably pass this ad by.

Which is really a shame.

Because if you *do* mail in your \$2 (or \$4 if you also want a copy of the earlier and all-different *Songbook* set), you'll soon have a collector's item on your phonograph. (That concept we toss in for you prestige-lovers.)

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The 28 artists in *Record Show* are convinced you'll find their double album more than you expected. We are, too. To try to get on your good side and, possibly, move more than two thousand albums, we hereby offer you this (unnecessary) guarantee: If you don't find *Record Show* worth every penny, return the album to us within 10 days and we'll send you back your two bucks.

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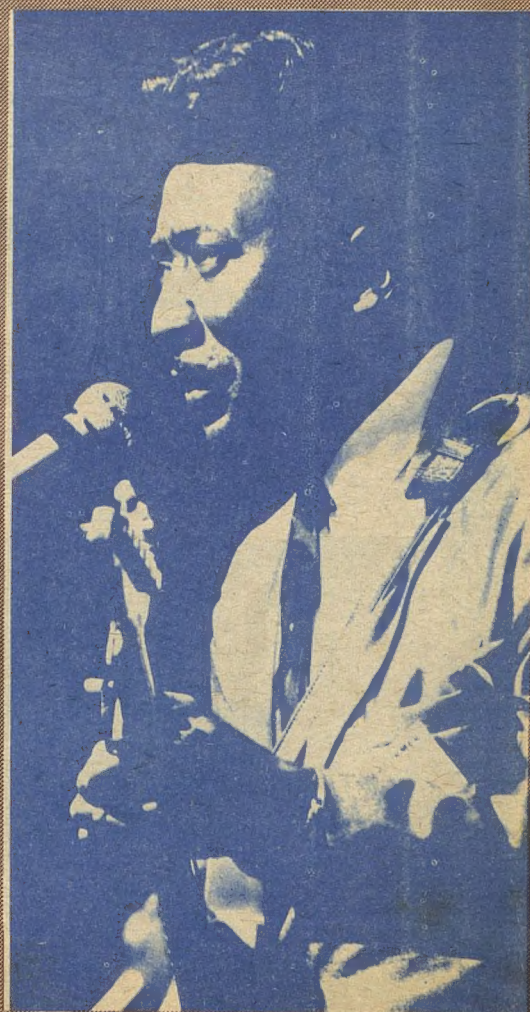


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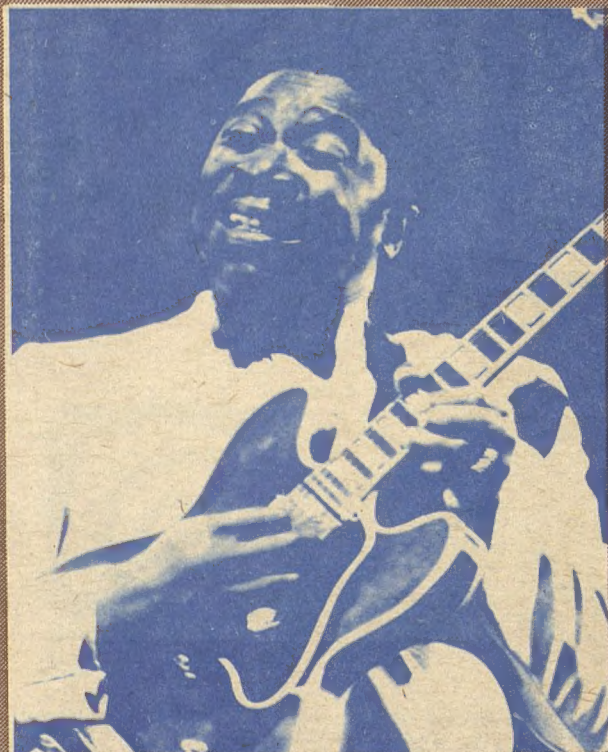




J. B. Hunter



Muddy Waters



B. B. King



James Cotton

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